

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

OF this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.

Find out His power which wildest powers doth
tame,

His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of
gold,

Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

W. Drummond.

SOUL AND BODY.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

Shakespeare.

THE LAST CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day,

Yet you, proud monarchs must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armcr against fate;
Death lays his mighty hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong arms at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

Early or late

They stoop to fate

And must give up the murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now

See where the Victor-Victim bleeds:

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

TRIFLES.

THE griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear,
Great sorrows are half holy things.

But for the ills each hour must make
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.

And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemies must fall,
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.

FASHIONABLE PIETY.

IN a church which is garnished with mullion
and gable,

With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and
groin,

The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odour of sanctity's eau-de-Cologne.

But surely if Lucifer, flying from Hades,

Could gaze at this crowd, with its *paniers*
and paints,

He would say, looking round at the lords and
the ladies,

"Oh, where is All Sinners if this is All
Saints?"

From The Fortnightly Review.
BALZAC'S NOVELS.

BALZAC exacts more attention than most novel readers are inclined to give; he is often repulsive, and not unfrequently dull; but the student who has once submitted to his charm becomes spell-bound. Disgusted for a moment, he returns again and again to the strange, hideous, grotesque, but most interesting world to which Balzac alone can introduce him. Like the opium-eater, he acquires a taste for the visions that are conjured up before him with so vivid a colouring, that he almost believes in their objective existence. There are some greater novelists than Balzac; there are many who preach a purer morality; and many who give a far greater impression of general intellectual force: but in this one quality of intense realization of actors and scenery, he is unique.

Balzac, indeed, was apparently himself almost incapable of distinguishing his dreams from realities. Great wits, we know, are allied to madness; and the boundaries seem in his case to have been most shadowy and indistinct. Indeed, if the anecdotes reported of him be accurate—some of them are doubtless rather overcharged—he must have lived almost in a state of permanent hallucination. This, for example, is a characteristic story. He inhabited for some years a house called *les Jardies*, in the neighbourhood of Paris. He had a difficulty in providing material furniture, owing to certain debts, which, as some sceptics insinuated, were themselves a vast mystification. He habitually ascribed his poverty to a certain "deficit Kessner," a loss which reposed on some trifling foundation of facts, but which assumed monstrous proportions in his imagination, and recurred perpetually as the supposed cause of his poverty. In sober reality, however, he was poor, and found compensation in creating a vast credit, as imaginary as his liabilities. Upon that bank he could draw without stint. He therefore inscribed in one place upon the bare walls of his house, "*Ici un revêtement de marbre de Paros*;" in another, "*Ici un plafond peint par Eugène Delacroix*;" in a third, "*Ici des portes*,"

façon Trianon;" and, in short, revelled in gorgeous decorations made of the same materials as the dishes of the Barmecide's feast. A minor source of wealth was the single walnut-tree, which really grew in his gardens, and which increased his dream-revenue by £60 a year. This extraordinary result was due, not to any merit in the nuts, but to an ancient and imaginary custom of the village which compelled the inhabitants to deposit round its foot a material defined by Victor Hugo as "*du guano moins les oiseaux*." The most singular story, however, and which we presume is to be received with a certain reserve, tells how he roused two of his intimate friends at two o'clock one morning, and urged them to start for India without an hour's delay. The cause of this journey was that a certain German historian had presented Balzac with a seal, valued by the thoughtless at the sum of six sous. The ring, however, had a singular history in Balzac's dreamland. It was impressed with the seal of the prophet, and had been stolen by the English from the great Mogul. Balzac had or had not been informed by the Turkish ambassador that that potentate would repurchase it with tons of gold and diamonds, and was benevolent enough to propose that his friends should share in the stores which would exceed the dreams of Aladdin.

How far these and other such fancies were a merely humorous protest against the harsh realities of life, may be a matter of speculation; but it is less doubtful that the fictitious personages with whom Balzac surrounded himself lived and moved in his imagination as distinctly as the flesh and blood realities who were treading the pavement of Paris. He did not so much invent characters and situations as watch his imaginary world, and compile the memories of its celebrities. All English readers are acquainted with the little circle of clergymen and wives who inhabit the town of Barchester. Balzac had carried out the same device on a gigantic scale. He has peopled not a country town, but a metropolis. There is a whole society, with the members of which we are intimate, whose family secrets are revealed to us, and who drop in,

as it were, in every novel of a long series, as if they were old friends. When, for example, young Victurnien d'Esgrignon comes to Paris, he makes acquaintance, we are told, with De Marsay, Maxime de Trailles, Les Lupeaulx, Rastignac, Vandenesse, Ajuda-Pinto, the Duchesses de Grandlieu, de Carigliano, de Chaulieu, the Marquises d'Espard, d'Aiglemont, and De Listomère, Madame Firmiani, the Comtesse de Sérizy, and various other heads of the fashionable world. Every one of those characters has a special history. He or she appears as the hero or heroine of one story, and plays subsidiary parts in a score of others. They recall to us innumerable scandalous episodes, with which anybody who lives in the imaginary society of Balzac's Paris feels it a duty to be as familiar as a back-stairs politician with the gossip of the House of Commons. The list just given is a mere fragment of the great circle to which Balzac introduces us. The history of their performances is intimately connected with the history of the time; nay, it is sometimes essential to a full comprehension of recent events. Bishop Proudie, we fear, would scarcely venture to take an active part in the Roman Catholic Emancipation; he would be dissolved into thin air by contact with more substantial forms; but if you would appreciate the intrigues which were going on at Paris during the campaign of Marengo, you must study the conversations which took place between Talleyrand, Fouché, Sieyès, Carnot, and Malin, and their relations to that prince of policemen, the well-known Corentin. De Marsay, we are told, with audacious precision of time and place, was president of the Council in 1833. There is no tendency on the part of these spectres to shrink from the light. They rub shoulders with the most celebrated statesmen, and mingle in every event of the time. One is driven to believe that Balzac really fancied the Banker Nucingen to be as tangible as a Rothschild, and was convinced that the conversations of Louis XVIII. with Vandenesse were historic facts. His sister tells us that he discussed the behaviour of his own creations with the utmost gravity, and was intensely interested in discovering their fate, and get-

ting the earliest information as to the alliances which they were about to form. It is a curious question, upon which I cannot profess to speak positively, whether this voluminous story ever comes into hopeless conflict with dates. I have some suspicions that the brilliant journalist, Blondet, was married and unmarried at the same period; but, considering his very loose mode of life, the suspicion, if true, is susceptible of explanation. Such study as I have made has not revealed any case of inconsistency; and Balzac evidently has the whole secret (for it seems harsh to call it fictitious) history of the time so completely at his finger's ends, that the effect upon the reader is to produce an unhesitating confidence. If a blunder occurs one would rather believe in a slip of the pen, such as happens to real historians, not in the substantial inaccuracy of the narrative. Sir A. Alison, it may be remembered, brings Sir Peregrine Pickle to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which must have occurred after Sir Peregrine's death; and Balzac's imaginary narrative may not be perfectly free from anachronism. But, if so, I have not found him out. Everybody must sympathize with the English lady who is said to have written to Paris for the address of that most imposing physician, Horace Bianchon.

This startling realization may be due in part to a mere literary trick. We meet with artifices like those by which De Foe cheats us into forgetfulness of his true character. One of the best known is the insertion of superfluous bits of information, by way of entrapping his readers into the inference that they could only have been given because they were true. The snare is more worthy of a writer of begging letters than of a genuine artist. Balzac occasionally indulges in somewhat similar devices; little indirect allusions to his old characters are thrown in with a calculated nonchalance: we have bits of antiquarian information as to the history of buildings; superfluous accounts of the coats of arms of the principal families concerned, and anecdotes as to their ancestry; and, after he has given us a name, he sometimes takes care to explain that the pronunciation is different from the spell-

ing. As a rule, however, these irrelevant minutiae seem to be thrown in, not by way of tricking us, but because he has so genuine an interest in his own personages. He is as anxious to set De Marsay or the Père Goriot distinctly before us, as Mr. Carlyle to make us acquainted with Frederick or Cromwell. Our most vivid painter of historical portraits is not more charmed to discover a characteristic incident in the life of his heroes, or to describe the pimples on his face, or the specks of blood on his collar, than Balzac to do the same duty for the creations of his fancy. De Foe may be compared to those favourites of showmen who cheat you into mistaking a flat wall painting for a bas-relief. Balzac is one of the patient Dutch artists who exhaust inconceivable skill and patience in painting every hair on the head and every wrinkle on the face till their work has a photographic accuracy. The result, it must be confessed, is sometimes rather trying to the patience. Balzac's artistic instinct, indeed, renders every separate touch more or less conducive to the general effect; but he takes an unconscionable time in preparing his ground. Instead of launching boldly into his story, and leaving his characters to speak for themselves, he begins, as it were, by taking his automata carefully to pieces, and pointing out all their wires and springs. He leaves nothing unaccounted for. He explains the character of each actor as he comes upon the stage; and, not content with making general remarks, he plunges with extraordinary relish into the minutest personal details. In particular, we know just how much money everybody has got, and how he has got it. Balzac absolutely revels in elaborate financial statements. And constantly, just as we hope that the action is about to begin, he catches us, as it were, by the button-hole, and begs us to wait a minute to listen to a few more preparatory remarks. In one or two of the stories, as, for example, in the "Maison Nucingen," the introduction seems to fill the whole book. After expecting some catastrophe, we gradually become aware that Balzac has thought it necessary to give us a conscientious explanation of some very dull commercial intrigues, in

order to fill up gaps in other stories of the cycle. Some one might possibly ask, what was the precise origin of this great failure of which we hear so much, and Balzac resolves that he shall have as complete an answer as though he were an accountant drawing up a balance-sheet. If it said, I know not on what authority, that his story of "César Birotteau" has, in fact, been quoted in French courts as illustrating the law of bankruptcy; and the details given are so ample, and, to English readers at least, so wearisome, that it really reads more like a legal statement of a case than a novel. As another example of this elaborate workmanship I may quote the remarkable story of "Les Payzans." It is intended to illustrate the character of the French peasant, his profound avarice and cunning, and his bitter jealousy, which forms a whole district into a tacit conspiracy against the rich, held together by closer bonds than those of a Fenian lodge. Balzac resolves that we shall have the whole scene and all the actors distinctly before us. We have a description of a country-house more poetical but far more detailed, than one in an auctioneer's circular; then we have a photograph of the neighbouring *cabaret*; then a minute description of its inhabitants, and a detailed statement of their ways and means. The story here makes a feeble start; but Balzac recollects that we don't quite know the origin of the quarrel on which it depends, and, therefore, elaborately describes the former proprietor, points out precisely how she was cheated by her bailiff, and precisely to what amount, and throws in descriptions of two or three supplementary persons. We now make another start in the history of the quarrel; but this immediately throws us back into a minute description of the old bailiff's family circumstances, of the characters of several of his connections, and of the insidious villain who succeeds him. Then we have a careful financial statement of the second proprietor's losses, and the commercial system which favours them; this leads to some antiquarian details concerning the bailiff's house, and to detailed portraits of each of the four guards who are set to watch over the property. Then

Balzac remarks that we cannot possibly understand the quarrel without understanding fully the complicated family relations, owing to which the officials of the department form what in America would be called a "ring." By this time we are half way through the volume, and the promised story is still in its infancy. Even Balzac makes an apology for his "longueurs," and tries to set to work in greater earnest. He is so much interrupted, however, by the necessity of elaborately introducing every new actor, and all his or her relations, and the houses in which they live, and their commercial and social position, that the essence of the story has at last to be compressed into half-a-dozen pages. In short, the novel resolves itself into a series of sketches; and reading it is like turning over a set of photographs, with letterpress descriptions at intervals. Or we may compare it to one of those novels of real life, so strange to the English mind, in which a French indictment sums up the whole previous history of the persons accused, accumulates every possible bit of information which may or may not throw light upon the facts, and diverges from the point, as English lawyers would imagine, into the most irrelevant considerations.

Balzac, it is plain, differs widely from our English authors, who generally slightly despise their own art, and think that in providing amusement for our idle hours, they are rather derogating from their dignity. Instead of claiming our attention as a right, they try to entice us into interest by every possible artifice; they give us exciting glimpses of horrors to come; they are restlessly anxious to get their stories well under way. Balzac is far more confident in his position. He never doubts that we shall be willing to study his works with the seriousness due to a scientific treatise. And occasionally, when he is seized by a sudden and most deplorable fit of morality, he becomes as dull as a sermon. The gravity with which he sets before us all the benevolent schemes of the *médecin de campagne*, and describes the whole charitable machinery of the district, makes his performance as dismal as a gigantic religious tract. But when, in his happier and wicked moods, he turns this amazing capacity of graphic description to its true account, the power of his method makes itself manifest. Every bit of elaborate geographical and financial information has its meaning, and tells with accumulated force on the final result. I may instance, for example, the descriptions of

Paris, which form the indispensable background to the majority of his stories, and contribute in no inconsiderable share to their tragic effect. Balzac had to deal with the Paris of the restoration, full of strange tortuous streets and picturesque corners, of swinging lanterns and defective drainage; the Paris which inevitably suggested barricades and street massacres, and was impregnated to the core with old historical associations. It had not yet lowered itself to the comprehension of New Yorkers, and still offered such scenery as Gustave Doré has caught in his wonderful illustrations of the *Contes Drolâtiques*. Its mysterious and not over-cleanly charm lives in the pages of Balzac, and harmonizes with the strange society which he has created to people its streets. Thus, in one of his most audacious stories, where the horribly grotesque trembles on the verge of the ridiculous, he strikes the keynote by an elegant apostrophe to Paris. There are, he tells us, a few connoisseurs who enjoy the Parisian flavour like the bouquet of some delicate wine. To all Paris is a marvel; to them it is a living creature; every man, every fragment of a house, is "part of the cellular tissue of this great courtesan, whose head, heart, and fantastic manners are thoroughly known to them." They are lovers of Paris; to them it is a costly luxury to travel in Paris. They are incessantly arrested before the dramas, the disasters, the picturesque accidents, which assail one in the midst of this moving queen of cities. They start in the morning to go to its extremities, and find themselves still unable to leave its centre at dinner-time. It is a marvellous spectacle at all times; but he exclaims, "O Paris! qui n'a pas admiré tes sombres paysages, tes échappées de lumière, tes culs-de-sacs profonds et silencieux; qui n'a pas entendu tes murmures entre minuit et deux heures du matin, ne connaît encore rien de ta vraie poésie, ni de tes bizarres et larges contrastes."

In the scenes which follow, we are introduced to a lover watching the beautiful and virtuous object of his adoration, as she descends an infamous street late in the evening, and enters one of the houses through a damp, moist, and fetid passage, feebly lighted by a trembling lamp, beneath which are seen the hideous face and skinny fingers of an old woman, as fitly placed as the witches in the blasted heath in Macbeth. In this case, however, Balzac is in one of his wildest moods, and the hideous mysteries of a huge capital become the pretext for a piece of rather

ludicrous melodrama. Paris is full enough of tragedies without the preposterous beggar Ferragus, who appears at balls as a distinguished diplomat, and manages to place on a young gentleman's head of hair a slow poison (invented for the purpose), which brings him to an early grave. More impressive, because less extravagant, is that Maison Vauquer, every hole and corner of which is familiar to the real student of Balzac. It is situated, as everybody should know, in the Rue Neuve St. Genevieve, just where it descends so steeply towards the Rue de l'Arbalète that horses have some trouble in climbing it. We know its squalid exterior, its creaking bell, the wall painted to represent an arcade in green marble, the crumbling statue of Cupid, with the half-effaced inscription —

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître, —
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

We have visited the wretched garden with its scanty pot-herbs and scarecrow beds, and the green benches in the miserable arbour, where the lodgers who are rich enough to enjoy such a luxury indulge in a cup of coffee after dinner. The salon, with its greasy and worn-out furniture, every bit of which is catalogued, is as familiar as our own studies. We know the exact geography even of the larder and the cistern. We catch the odour of the damp, close office, where Mme. Vauquer lurks like a human spider. She is the animating genius of the place, and we know the exact outline of her figure, and every article of her dress. The minuteness of her portrait brings out the horrors of the terrible process by which poor Goriot gradually sinks from one step to another of the social ladder, and simultaneously ascends from the first floor to the garrets. We can track his steps and taste his agony. Each station of that melancholy pilgrimage is painted, down to the minutest details, with unflinching fidelity.

Paris, says Balzac, is an ocean; however painfully you explore it and sound its depths, there are still virgin corners, unknown caves with their flowers, pearls and monsters, forgotten by literary divers. The Maison Vauquer is one of these singular monstrosities. No one, at any rate, can complain that Balzac has not done his best to describe and analyze the character of the unknown social species which it contains. It absorbs our interest by the contrast of its vulgar and intensely commonplace exterior with the terrible passions and sufferings of which it is the appropriate scene.

The horrors of a great metropolis, indeed, give ample room for tragedy. Old Sandy Mackaye takes Alton Locke to the entrance of a London alley, and tells the sentimental tailor to write poetry about that. "Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry, the pawnbroker's shop on the one side and the gin-palace at the other — two monstrous deevils, eating up men, women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open to swallow in another victim and another. Write about that!" The poor tailor complains that it is unpoetical, and Mackaye replies, "Hah! is there no the heaven above them here and the hell beneath them? and God frowning and the deevil grinning? No poetry there! Is no the verra idee of the classic tragedy defined to be — man conquered by circumstances? Canna ye see it here?" But the quotation must stop, for Mackaye goes on to a moral not quite according to Balzac. Balzac indeed, was anything but a Christian socialist, or a Radical reformer; we don't often catch sight in his pages of God frowning or the devil grinning; his world seems to be pretty well forgotten by the one, and its inhabitants to be quite able to dispense with the services of the other. Paris, he tells us in his most outrageous story, is a hell, which one day may have its Dante. The proletariat lives in its lowest circle, and seldom comes into Balzac's pages except as representing the half-seen horrors of the gulph reserved for that corrupt and brilliant society whose vices he loves to describe. A summary of his creed is given by a queer contrast to Mackaye, the accomplished and able De Marsay. People speak, he says, of the immorality of certain books; here is a horrible, foul, and corrupt book, always open and never to be shut; the great book of the world; and beyond that is another book, a thousand times more dangerous, which consists of all that is whispered by one man to another, or discussed under ladies' fans at balls. Balzac's pages are flavoured, rather to excess, with this diabolical spice, composed of dark allusions to, or audacious revelations of, these hideous mysteries. If he is wanting in the moral elevation necessary for a Dante, he has some of the sinister power which makes him a fit guide to the horrors of our modern Inferno.

Before accepting Balzac's guidance into these mysterious regions, I must touch upon another peculiarity. Balzac's genius for skilfully combined photographic de-

tail explains his strange power of mystification. A word is wanting to express that faint acquiescence or mimic belief which we generally grant to a novelist. Dr. Newman has constructed a scale of assent according to its varying degrees of intensity; and we might, perhaps, assume that to each degree there corresponds a mock assent accorded to different kinds of fiction. If Scott, for example, requires from his readers a shadow of that kind of belief which we grant to an ordinary historian, Balzac requires a shadow of the belief which Dr. Pusey gives to the Bible. This still remains distinctly below any genuine assent; for Balzac never wishes us really to forget, though he occasionally forgets himself, that his most lifelike characters are imaginary. But in certain subordinate topics he seems to make a higher demand on our faith. He is full of more or less fanciful heresies, and labours hard to convince us either that they are true or that he seriously holds them. This is what I mean by mystification, and one fears to draw a line as to which he was probably far from clear himself. Thus, for example he is a devout believer in physiognomy, and not only in its obvious sense; he erects it into an occult science. Lavater and Gall, he says, "prove incontestably" that ominous signs exist in our heads. Take, for example, the *chasseur* Michu, his white face injected with blood and compressed like a *Calmuck's*; his ruddy, crisp hair; his beard cut in the shape of a fan; the noble forehead which surmounts and overhangs his sunburned, sarcastic features; his ears well detached, and possessing a sort of mobility, like those of a wild animal; his mouth half-open, and revealing a set of fine but uneven teeth; his thick and glossy whiskers; his hair, close in front, long on the sides and behind, with its wild, ruddy hue throwing into relief the strange and fatal character of the physiognomy; his short, thick neck, designed to tempt the hatchet of the guillotine: these details, so accurately photographed, not only prove that M. Michu was a resolute, faithful servant, capable of the profoundest secrecy and the most disinterested attachment, but for the really skilful reader of mystic symbols foretell his ultimate fate — namely, that he will be the victim of a false accusation. Balzac, however, ventures into still more whimsical extremes. He accepts, in all apparent seriousness, the theory of his favourite, Mr. Shandy, that a man's name influences his character. Thus, for example, a man called *Minoret-Levrault* must necessarily

be "un éléphant sans trompe et sans intelligence," and the occult meaning of Z. Marcas requires a long and elaborate commentary. Repeat the word *Marcas*, dwelling on the first syllable, and dropping abruptly on the second, and you will see that the man who bears it must be a martyr. The zigzag of the initial implies a life of torment. What ill wind, he asks, has blown upon this letter, which in no language (Balzac's acquaintance with German was probably limited) commands more than fifty words? The name is composed of seven letters, and seven is most characteristic of cabalistic numbers. If M. Gozlan's narrative be authentic, Balzac was right to value this name highly, for he had spent many hours in seeking for it by a systematic perambulation of the streets of Paris. He was rather vexed at the discovery that the *Marcas* of real life was a tailor. "He deserved a better fate!" said Balzac pathetically; "but it shall be my business to immortalize him."

Balzac returns to this subject so often and so emphatically, that one half believes him to be the victim of his own mystification. Perhaps he was the one genuine disciple of Mr. Shandy and *Slawkenbergius*, and believed sincerely in the occult influence of names and noses. In more serious matters it is impossible to distinguish the point at which his feigned belief passes into real superstition; he simulates conviction so elaborately, that his sober opinions shade off imperceptibly into his fanciful dreamings. For a time he was attracted by mesmerism, and in the story of *Ursule Mirouet* he labours elaborately to infect his readers with a belief in what he calls "magnetism, the favourite science of Jesus, and one of the powers transmitted to the apostles." He assumes his gravest airs in adducing the cases of *Cardan*, *Swedenborg*, and a certain Duke of *Montmorency*, as though he were a genuine historical inquirer. He almost adopts the tone of a pious missionary in describing how his atheist doctor was led by the revelations of a *clairvoyante* to study Pascal's "*Pensées*" and *Bosquet's* sublime "*Histoire des Variations*," though what these works have to do with mesmerism is rather difficult to see. He relates the mysterious visions caused by the converted doctor after his death, not less minutely, though more artistically, than *De Foe* described the terrible apparition of Mrs. *Veal*; and, it must be confessed, his story illustrates with almost equal force the doctrine, too often forgotten by spiritualists,

that ghosts should not make themselves too common. When once they begin to mix in general society, they become intolerably prosaic.

The ostentatious belief which is paraded in this instance is turned to more artistic account in the wonderful story of the "*Peau de Chagrin*." Balzac there tries as conscientiously as ever to surmount the natural revolt of our minds against the introduction of the supernatural into life. The *peau de chagrin* is the modern substitute for the old-fashioned parchment on which contracts were signed with the devil. M. Valentin, its possessor, is a Faust of the boulevards; but our prejudices are softened by the circumstance that the *peau de chagrin* has a false air of scientific authenticity. It is discovered by a gentleman who spends a spare half-hour before committing suicide in an old curiosity shop, which occupies a sort of middle standing-ground between a wizard's laboratory and the ordinary Wardour-street shop. There is no question of signing with one's blood, but simply of accepting a curious substance with the property—rather a startling one, it is true—that its area diminishes in proportion to the amount of wishes gratified, and vanishes with the death of the possessor. The steady flesh-and-blood men of science treat it just as we feel certain that they would do. After smashing a hydraulic press in the attempt to compress it, and exhausting the power of chemical agents, they agree to make a joke of it. It is not so much more wonderful than some of those modern miracles, which leave us to hesitate between the two incredible alternatives that men of science are fallible, or that mankind in general, like Sir Walter Scott's grandmother, are "awfu' leears." Every effort is made to reduce the strain upon our credulity to that moderate degree of intensity which may fairly be required from the reader of a wild fiction. When the first characteristic wish of the proprietor—namely, that he may be indulged in a frantic orgie—has been gratified without any apparent intervention of the supernatural, we are left just in that proper equilibrium between scepticism and credulity, which is the right mental attitude in presence of a marvellous story. Balzac, it is true, seems rather to flag in continuing his narrative. The symbolical meaning begins to part company with the facts. Stories of this kind require the congenial atmosphere of an ideal world, and the effort of interpreting such a poetical legend into terms of ordinary life is

perhaps too great for the powers of any literary artist. At any rate, M. Valentin drops after a time from the level of Faust to become the hero of a rather commonplace Parisian story. The opening scenes, however, are an admirable specimen of the skill by which our irrepressible scepticism may be hindered from intruding into a sphere where it is out of place; or rather—for one can hardly speak of belief in such a connection—of the skill by which the discord between the surroundings of the nineteenth century and a story of grotesque supernaturalism can be converted into a pleasant harmony. A similar effect is produced in one of Balzac's finest stories, the "*Recherche de l'Absolu*." Every accessory is provided to induce us, so long as we are under the spell, to regard the discovery of the philosopher's stone as a reasonable application of human energy. We are never quite clear whether Balthazar Claes is a madman or a commanding genius. We are kept trembling on the verge of a revelation till we become interested in spite of our more sober sense. A single diamond turns up in a crucible, which was unluckily produced in the absence of the philosopher, so that he cannot tell what are the necessary conditions of repeating the process. He is supposed to discover the secret just as he is struck by a paralysis, which renders him incapable of revealing it, and dies whilst making desperate efforts to communicate the crowning success to his family. Balzac throws himself into the situation with such energy, that we are irresistibly carried away by his enthusiasm. The impossibility ceases to annoy us, and merely serves to give a certain dignity to the story.

One other variety of mystification may introduce us to some of Balzac's more powerful stories. He indulges more frequently than could be wished in downright melodrama, or what is generally called sensational writing. In the very brilliant sketch of Nathan in "*Une Fille d'Eve*," he remarks that "the mission of genius is to search, through the accidents of the true, for that which must appear probable to all the world." The common saying that truth is stranger than fiction should properly be expressed as an axiom that fiction ought not to be so strange as truth. A marvellous event is interesting in real life, simply because we know that it happened. In a fiction we know that it did not happen; and therefore it is interesting only as far as it is explained. Anybody

can invent a giant or a genius by the simple process of altering figures or piling up superlatives. The artist has to make the existence of the giant or the genius conceivable. Balzac, however, often enough forgets this principle, and treats us to purely preposterous incidents, which are either grotesque or simply childish. The history of the marvellous "Thirteen," for example, that mysterious band which includes statesmen, beggars, men of fortune, and journalists, and goes about committing the most inconceivable crimes without the possibility of discovery, becomes simply ludicrous. Balzac, as usual, labours to reconcile our minds to the absurdity; but the effort is beyond his powers. The amazing disease which he invents for the benefit of the villains in the "Cousine Bette" can only be accepted as a broad joke. At times, as in the story of the "Grande Bretèche," where the lover is bricked up by the husband in presence of the wife, he reminds us of Edgar Poe's worst extravagances. There is, indeed, this much to be said for Balzac in comparison with the more recent school, who have turned to account all the most refined methods of breaking the ten commandments and the criminal code; the fault of the so-called sensation writer is, not that he deals in murder, bigamy, or adultery — every great writer likes to use powerful situations — but that he relies upon our interest in startling crimes to distract our attention from feebly-drawn characters and conventional details. Balzac does not often fall into that weakness. If his criminals are frequently of the most outrageous kind, and indulge even in practices unmentionable, the crime is intended at least to be of secondary interest. He tries to fix our attention on the passions by which they are caused, and to attract us chiefly by the legitimate method of analysing human nature — even, it must be confessed, in some of its most abnormal manifestations. Macbeth is not interesting because he commits half-a-dozen murders; but the murders are interesting because they are committed by Macbeth. We may generally say as much for Balzac's villains; and it is the only justification for a free use of blood and brutality. In applying these remarks, we come to the real secret of Balzac's power, which will demand a fuller consideration.

It is common to say of all great novelists, and of Balzac in particular, that they display a wonderful "knowledge of the human heart." The chief objection to the phrase is that such knowledge does not ex-

ist. Nobody has as yet found his way through the complexities of that intricate machine, and described the springs and balances by which its movement is originated and controlled. Men of vivid imagination are in some respects less competent for such a work than their neighbours. They have not the cool, hard, and steady hand required for psychological dissection. Balzac gave a queer specimen of his own incapacity in an attempt to investigate the true history of a real murder, celebrated in its day, and supposed by everybody but Balzac to have been committed by one Peytel, who was put to death in spite of his pleading. His skill in devising motives for imaginary atrocities was a positive disqualification for dealing with facts and legal evidence. The greatest poet or novelist describes only one person, and that is himself; and he differs from his inferiors, not necessarily in having a more systematic knowledge, but in having wider sympathies, and, so to speak, possessing several characters. Cervantes was at once Don Quixote and Sascho Panza; Shakespeare was Hamlet and Mercutio and Othello and Falstaff; Scott was at once Dandie Dinmont and the Antiquary and the Master of Ravenswood; and Balzac embodies his different phases of feeling in Eugénie Grandet and Vautrin and the *père Goriot*. The assertion that he knew the human heart must be interpreted to mean that he could sympathize with, and give expression to, a wide range of human passions; as his supposed knowledge of the world implies merely that he was deeply impressed by certain phenomena of the social medium, in which he was placed. Nobody, we would be inclined to think, would have given a more unsound judgment than Balzac as to the characters of the men whom he met, or formed a less trustworthy estimate of the real condition of society. He was totally incapable of stripping the bare facts given by observation of the colouring which they received from his own idiosyncrasy. But nobody, within certain points, could express more vividly in outward symbols the effect produced upon their sympathies and a powerful imagination by the aspect of the world around him.

The characteristic peculiarities of Balzac's novels may be described as the intensity with which he expresses certain motives, and the vigour with which he portrays the real or imaginary corruption of society. Upon one particular situation, or class of situations, favourable to this peculiar power, he is never tired of dwelling.

He repeats himself indeed, in a certain sense, as a man must necessarily repeat himself who writes eighty-five stories, besides doing other work, in less than twenty years. In this voluminous outpouring of matter the machinery is varied with wonderful fertility of invention, but one sentiment recurs very frequently. The great majority of Balzac's novels, including all the most powerful examples, may thus be described as variations on a single theme. Each of them is in fact the record of a martyrdom. There is always a virtuous hero or heroine who is tortured, and, most frequently, tortured to death by a combination of selfish intrigues. The commonest case is, of course, that which has become the staple plot of French novelists, where the interesting young woman is sacrificed to the brutality of a dull husband; that, for example, is the story of the "*Femme de Trente Ans*," of "*Le Lys dans la Vallée*," and of several minor performances; then we have the daughter sacrificed to the avaricious father, as in "*Eugénie Grandet*;" the woman sacrificed to the imperious lover in the "*Duchesse de Langeais*;" the immoral beauty sacrificed to the ambition of her lover in the "*Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisans*;" the mother sacrificed to the dissolute son in the "*Ménage de Garçon*;" the woman of political ambition sacrificed to the contemptible intriguers opposed to her in "*Les Employés*;" and, indeed, in one way or other, as subordinate character or as heroine, this figure of a graceful feminine victim comes into nearly every novel. Virtuous heroes fare little better. Poor Colonel Chabert is disowned and driven to beggary by the wife who has committed bigamy; the luckless curé, Birotteau, is cheated out of his prospects and doomed to a broken heart by the successful villainy of a rival priest and his accomplices; the Comte de Manerville is ruined and transported by his wife and his detestable mother-in-law; Père Goriot is left to starvation by his daughters; the Marquis d'Espard is all but condemned as a lunatic by the manoeuvres of his wife; the faithful servant Michu comes to the guillotine; the devoted notary Chesnel is beggared in the effort to save his scapegrace of a master; Michaud, another devoted adherent, is murdered with perfect success by the brutal peasantry, and his wife dies of the news; Balthazar Claes is the victim of his devotion to science; and Z. Marcas dies unknown and in the depths of misery as a reward for trying to be a second Colbert. The old-fashioned canons of poetical jus-

tice are inverted; and the villains are dismissed to live very happily ever afterwards, whilst the virtuous are slain outright or sentenced to a death by slow torture. Thackery, in one or two of his minor stories, has touched the same note. The history of Mr. Deuceace, and especially its catastrophe, is much in Balzac's style; but, as a rule, our English novelists shrink from anything so unpleasant.

Perhaps the most striking example of this method is the "*Père Goriot*." The general situation may be described in two words, by saying that Goriot is the modern King Lear. Mesdames de Restaud and de Nucingen are the representatives of Regan and Goneril; but the Parisian Lear is not allowed the consolation of a Cordelia; the cup of misery is measured out to him drop by drop, and the bitterness of each dose is analyzed with chemical accuracy. We watch the poor old broken-down merchant, who has impoverished himself to provide his daughters' dowries, and has gradually stripped himself, first of comfort, and then of the necessities of life, to satisfy the demands of their folly and luxury, as we might watch a man clinging to the edge of a cliff and gradually dropping lower and lower, catching feebly at every point of support till his strength is exhausted, and the inevitable catastrophe follows. The daughters, allowed to retain some fragments of good feeling and not quite irredeemably hateful, are gradually yielding to the demoralizing influence of a heartless vanity. They yield, it is true, pretty completely at last; but their wickedness seems to reveal the influence of a vague but omnipotent power of evil in the background. There is not a more characteristic scene in Balzac than that in which Rastignac, the lover of Madame de Nucingen, overhears the conversation between the father in his wretched garret and the modern Goneril and Regan. A gleam of good fortune has just encouraged poor old Goriot to anticipate an escape from his troubles. On the morning of the day of expected release Madame Goneril de Nucingen rushes up to her father's garret to explain to him that her husband, the rich banker, having engaged all his funds in some diabolical financial intrigues, refuses to allow her the use of her fortune, whilst, owing to her own misconduct, she is afraid to appeal to the law. They have a hideous tacit compact, according to which the wife enjoys full domestic liberty, whilst the husband may use her fortune to carry out his dishonest plots. She begs

her father to examine the facts in the light of his financial experience, though the examination must be deferred, that she may not look ill with the excitement when she meets her lover at the ball. As the poor father is tormenting his brains, Madame Regan de Restaud appears in terrible distress. Her lover has threatened to commit suicide unless he can meet a certain bill, and to save him she has pledged certain diamonds which were heirlooms in her husband's family. Her husband has discovered the whole transaction, and, though not making an open scandal, imposes some severe conditions upon her future. Old Goriot is raving against the brutality of her husband, when Regan adds that there is still a sum to be paid, without which her lover, to whom she has sacrificed everything, will be ruined. Now old Goriot had employed just this sum — all but the very last fragment of his fortune — in the service of Goneril. A desperate quarrel instantly takes place between the two fine ladies over this last scrap of their father's property. They are fast degenerating into Parisian Billingsgate, when Goriot succeeds in obtaining silence and proposes to strip himself of his last penny. Even the sisters hesitate at such an impiety, and Rastignac enters, with some apology for listening, and hands over to the countess a certain bill of exchange for a sum which he professes himself to owe to Goriot, and which will just save her lover. She accepts the paper, but vehemently denounces her sister for having, as she supposes, allowed Rastignac to listen to their hideous revelations, and retires in a fury, whilst the father faints away. He recovers to express his forgiveness, and at this moment the countess returns, ostensibly to throw herself on her knees and beg her father's pardon. He apologizes to her sister, and a general reconciliation takes place. But before she has again left the room she has obtained her father's endorsement to Rastignac's bill. Even her most genuine fury had left coolness enough for calculation, and her burst of apparent tenderness was a skilful bit of comedy for squeezing one more drop of blood from her father and victim. That is a genuine stroke of Balzac.

Hideous as the performance appears when coolly stated, it must be admitted that the ladies have got into such terrible perplexities from tampering with the seventh commandment, that there is some excuse for their breaking the fifth. Whether such an accumulation of horrors is a legitimate process in art, and whether

a healthy imagination would like to dwell upon such loathsome social sores, is another question. The comparison suggested with *King Lear* may illustrate the point. In Balzac all the subordinate details which Shakespeare throws in with a very slovenly touch, are elaborately drawn and contribute powerfully to the total impression. On the other hand, we never reach the lofty poetical heights of the grander scenes in *King Lear*. But the situation of the two heroes offers an instructive contrast. Lear is weak, but is never contemptible; he is the ruin of a gallant old king, is guilty of no degrading compliance, and dies like a man, with his "good biting falchion" still grasped in his feeble hand. To change him into Goriot we must suppose that he had licked the hand which struck him, that he had helped on the adulterous intrigues of Goneril and Regan from sheer weakness, and that all his fury had been directed against Cornwall and Albany for objecting to his daughters' eccentric views of the obligation of the marriage vow. Paternal affection leading a man to the most trying self-sacrifice is a worthy motive for a great drama or romance; but Balzac is so anxious to intensify the emotion, that he makes even paternal affection morally degrading. Everything must be done to heighten the colouring. Our sympathies are to be excited by making the sacrifice as complete, and the emotion which prompts it as overpowering as possible; until at last the love of children becomes a monomania. Goriot is not only dragged through the mud of Paris, but he grovels in it with a will. In short, Balzac wants that highest power which shows itself by moderation, and commits a fault like that of an orator who emphasizes every sentence. With less expenditure of horrors, he would excite our compassion more powerfully. After a time the most highly-spiced meats begin to pall upon the palate.

Situations of the "Père Goriot" kind are, in some sense, more appropriate for heroines than for heroes. Self-sacrifice is for the present, at least, considered by a large part of mankind as the complete duty of woman. The feminine martyr can indulge without loss of our esteem in compliances which would be degrading in a man. Accordingly Balzac finds the amplest materials for his favourite situation in the torture of innocent women. The great example of his skill in this department is Eugénie Grandet, in which the situation of the Père Goriot is inverted. Poor

Eugénie is the victim of a domestic tyrant, who is, perhaps, Balzac's most finished portrait of the cold-blooded and cunning miser. The sacrifice of a woman's life to paternal despotism is unfortunately even commoner in real life than in fiction; and when the lover, from whom the old miser has divided her during his life, deserts her after his death, we feel that the mournful catastrophe is demanded by the sombre prologue. The book may indeed justify, to some extent, one of the ordinary criticisms upon Balzac, that he showed a special subtlety in describing the sufferings of women. The question as to the general propriety of that criticism is rather difficult for a male critic. I confess to a certain scepticism, founded partly on the general principle that hardly any author can really describe the opposite sex, and partly on an antipathy which I cannot repress to Balzac's most ambitious feminine portraits.

Eugénie Grandet is perhaps the purest of his women; but then Eugénie Grandet is simply stupid, and interesting from her sufferings rather than her character. She reminds us of some patient animal of the agricultural kind, with bovine softness of eyes and bovine obstinacy under suffering. His other women, though they are not simply courtesans, after the fashion of some French writers, seem, as it were, to have a certain perceptible taint; they breathe an unwholesome atmosphere. In one of his extravagant humours, he tells us that the most perfect picture of purity in existence is the Madonna of the Genoese painter, Piola, but that even that celestial Madonna would have looked like a Messalina by the side of the Duchesse de Manfrigneuse. If the duchess resembled either personage in character, it was certainly not the Madonna. And Balzac's best women give us the impression that they are courtesans acting the character of virgins, and showing admirable dramatic skill in the performance. They may keep up the part so obstinately as to let the acting become earnest; but even when they don't think of breaking the seventh commandment, they are always thinking about not breaking it. When he has done his best to describe a thoroughly pure woman, such as Henriette in the "*Lys dans la Vallée*," he cannot refrain from spoiling her performance by throwing in a hint at the conclusion that, after all, she had a strong disposition to go wrong, which was only defeated by circumstances. Indeed, the ladies who in his pages have broken loose from all social restraints, differ only in external circumstances from

their more correct sisters. Coralie, in the "*Illusions Perdues*," is not so chaste in her conduct, but is not a whit less delicate in her tastes, than the immaculate Henriette. Madame de la Bardraye deserts her husband, and lives for some years with her disreputable lover at Paris, and does not in the least forfeit the sympathies of her creator. Balzac's feminine types may be classified pretty easily. At bottom they are all of the sultana variety — playthings who occasionally venture into mixing with serious affairs of life, but then only on pain of being ridiculous (as in the "*Employés*," or the "*Muse du Département*"); but properly confined to their drawing-rooms, with delicate cajoleries for their policy, and cunning instead of intellect. Sometimes they are cold-hearted and selfish, and then they are vicious, making victims of lovers, husbands, or fathers, consuming fortunes, and spreading ill-will by cunning intrigues; sometimes they are virtuous, and therefore, according to Balzac's logic, pitiable victims of the world. But their virtue, when it exists, is the effect, not of lofty principle, but of a certain delicacy of taste corresponding to a fine organization. They object to vice, because it is apt to be coarse; and are perfectly ready to yield, if it can be presented in such graceful forms as not to shock their sensibilities. Marriage is therefore a complicated intrigue in which one party is always deceived, though, it may be, for his or her good. If you will be loved, says the judicious lady in the "*Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Mariées*," the secret is not to love; and the rather flimsy epigram is converted into a great moral truth. The justification of the lady is, that love is only made permanent by elaborate intrigue. The wife is to be always on the footing of a mistress who can only preserve her lover by incessant and infinitely-varied caresses. To do this, she must be herself cool. The great enemy of matrimonial happiness is satiety, and we are constantly presented with an affectionate wife boring her husband to death, and alienating him by over-devotion. If one party is to be cheated, the one who is freest from passion will be the winner of the game. As a maxim, after the fashion of Rochefoucauld, this doctrine may have enough truth to be plausible; but when seriously accepted and made the substantive moral of a succession of stories, one is reminded less of a really acute observer, than of a lad fresh from college who thinks that wisdom consists in an exaggerated cynicism. When ladies of this variety break their hearts, they either die or re-

tire in a picturesque manner to a convent. They are indeed the raw material of which the genuine *dévôte* is made. The morbid sentimentality directed to the lover passes without perceptible shock into a religious sentimentality, the object of which is at least ostensibly different. The graceful but voluptuous mistress of the Parisian salon is developed without any violent transition into the equally graceful and ascetic nun. The connection between the luxurious indulgence of material flirtations and religious mysticism is curious, but unmistakable.

Balzac's reputation in this respect is founded, not on his little hoard of cynical maxims, which, to say the truth, are not usually very original, but on the vivid power of describing the details and scenery of the martyrdom, and the energy with which he paints the emotion, of the victim. Whether his women are very lifelike, or very varied in character, may be doubted; but he has certainly endowed them with an admirable capacity for suffering, and forces us to listen sympathetically to their cries of anguish. The peculiar cynicism implied in this view of feminine existence must be taken as part of his fundamental theory of society. When Rastignac has seen Goriot buried, the ceremony being attended only by his daughters' empty carriages, he climbs to the highest part of the cemetery, and looks over Paris. As he contemplates the vast buzzing hive, he exclaims solemnly, "à nous deux maintenant!" The world is before him; he is to fight his way in future without remorse. Accordingly, Balzac's view of society is, that it is a masquerade of devils, engaged in tormenting a few wandering angels. That society is not what Balzac represents it to be is sufficiently proved by the fact that society exists; as indeed he is profoundly convinced, that its destruction is only a question of time. It is rotten to the core. Lust and avarice are the moving forms of the world, while profound and calculating selfishness has sapped the base of all morality. The type of a successful statesman is De Marsay, a kind of imaginary Talleyrand, who rules because he has recognized the intrinsic baseness of mankind, and has no scruples in turning it to account. Vautrin, who is an open enemy of society, is simply De Marsay in revolt. The weapons with which he fights are distinguished from those of greater men, not in their intrinsic wickedness, but in their being accidentally forbidden by law. He is less of a hypocrite, and scarcely a greater villain than his more prosperous

rivals. He ultimately recognizes the futility of the strife, agrees to wear a mask like his neighbours, and accepts the congenial duties of a police-agent. The secret of success in all ranks of life is to be without scruples of morality, but exceedingly careful of breaking the law. The bankers, Nucingen and Du Tillet, are merely cheats on a gigantic scale. They ruin their enemies by financiering instead of picking pockets. Be wicked, if you would be successful; if possible let your wickedness be refined; but, at all events, be wicked.

There is, indeed, a class of unsuccessful villains, to be found chiefly amongst journalists, for whom Balzac has a special aversion; they live, he tells us, partly on extortion, and partly on the prostitution of their talents to gratify political or personal animosities, and are at the mercy of the longest purse. They fail in life, not because they are too immoral, but because they are too weak. They are the victims instead of the accomplices of more resolute evil-doers. Lucien de Rubempré is the type of this class. Endowed with surpassing genius and personal beauty, he goes to Paris to make his fortune, and is introduced to the world as it is. On the one hand is a little knot of virtuous men, called the *cénacle* who are working for posterity and meanwhile starving. On the other is the vast mass of cheats and dupes. After a brief struggle Lucien yields to temptation, and joins in the struggle for wealth and power. But he has not strength enough to play his part. His head is turned by the flattery of pretty actresses and scheming publishers: he is enticed into thoughtless dissipation, and, after a brilliant start, finds that he is at the mercy of the cleverer villains who surround him; that he has been bought and sold like a sheep; that his character is gone, and his imagination become sluggish; and, finally, he has to escape from utter ruin by scarcely describable degradation. He writes a libel on one of his virtuous friends, who is forgiving enough to improve it and correct it for the press. In order to bury his mistress, who has been ruined with him, he has to raise money by grovelling in the foulest depths of literary sewerage. He at last succeeds in crawling back to his relations in the country, morally and materially ruined. He makes another effort to rise, backed up by the diabolical arts of Vautrin, and relying rather on his beauty than his talents. The world is again too strong for him, and, after being accomplice in the most outrageous crimes,

he ends appropriately by hanging himself in prison. Vautrin, as we have seen, escapes from the fate of his partner because he retains coolness enough to practise upon the vices of the governing classes. The world, in short, is composed of three classes—consistent and, therefore, successful villains; inconsistent and, therefore, unsuccessful villains; and virtuous persons, who never have a chance of success, and enjoy the honours of starvation.

The provinces differ from Paris in the nature of the social warfare; but not in its morality. Passions are directed to meaner objects; they are narrower, and more intense. The whole of a man's faculties are concentrated upon one object; and he pursues it for years with relentless and undeviating ardour. To supplant a rival, to acquire a few more acres, to gratify jealousy of a superior, he will labour for a lifetime. The intensity of his hatred supplies his want of intellect; he is more cunning, if less far-sighted; and in the contest between the brilliant Parisian and the plodding provincial we generally have an illustration of the hare and the tortoise. The blind, persistent hatred gets the better in the long run of the more brilliant, but more transitory, passion. The lower nature here, too, gets the better of the higher; and Balzac characteristically delights in the tragedy produced by genius falling before cunning, as virtue almost invariably yields to vice. It is only when the slow provincial obstinacy happens to be on the side of virtue that stupidity, doubled with virtue, as embodied for example in two or three French Caleb Balderstons, generally gets the worst of it. There are exceptions to this general rule. Even Balzac sometimes relents. A reprieve is granted at the last moment, and the martyr is unbound from the stake. But those catastrophes are not only exceptional, but rather annoying. We have been so prepared to look for a sacrifice that we are disappointed instead of relieved. If Balzac's readers could be consulted during the last few pages, I feel sure that most thumbs would be turned upwards, and the lions allowed to have their will of the Christians. Perhaps our appetites have been depraved; but we are not in the cue for a happy conclusion.

I know not whether it was the cause or the consequence of this sentiment that Balzac was a thorough legitimist. He does not believe in the vitality of the old order, any more than he believes in the

truth of Catholicism. But he regrets the extinction of the ancient faiths, which he admits to be unsuitable; and sees in their representatives the only picturesque and really estimable elements that still survived in French society. He heartily despises the modern medievalists, who try to spread a thin varnish over a decaying order; the world is too far gone in wickedness for such a futile remedy. The old chivalrous sentiments of the genuine noblesse are giving way to the base chicanery of the bourgeois who supplant them; the peasantry are mean, avaricious, and full of bitter jealousy; but they are triumphantly rooting out the last vestiges of feudalism. Democracy and communism are the fine names put forward to justify the enmity of those who have not, against those who have. Their success means merely an approaching "descent of Niagara," and the growth of a more debasing and more materialist form of despotism. But it would be a mistake to assume that this view of the world implies that Balzac is in a state of lofty moral indignation. Nothing can be further from the case. The world is wicked; but it is fascinating. Society is very corrupt, it is true; but intensely and permanently amusing. Paris is a hell; but hell is the only place worth living in. The play of evil passions gives infinite subjects for dramatic interests. The financial warfare is more diabolical than the old literal warfare, but quite as entertaining. There is really as much romance connected with bills of exchange as with swords and lances, and rigging the market is nothing but the modern form of lying in ambush. Goneril and Regan are triumphant; but we may admire the grace of their manners and the dexterity with which they cloak their vices. Iago not only poisons Othello's peace of mind, but, in the world of Balzac, he succeeds to Othello's place, and is universally respected. The story receives an additional flavour. In a characteristic passage, Balzac regrets that Molière did not continue *Tartuffe*. It would then have appeared how bitterly Orgon regretted the loss of the hypocrite, who, it is said, made love to his wife, but who, at any rate, had an interest in making things pleasant. Your conventional catastrophe is a mistake in art, as it is a misrepresentation of facts. Tartuffe has a good time of it in Balzac: instead of meeting with an appropriate punishment, he flourishes and thrives, and we look on with a smile not altogether devoid of complacency. Shall we not take the world as it is, and be amused at

the *Comédie Humaine*, rather than fruitlessly rage against it? It will be played out whether we like it or not, and we may as well adapt our tastes to our circumstances.

Ought we to be shocked at this extravagant cynicism; to quote it, as respectable English journalists used to do, as a proof of the awful corruption of French society, or to regard it as semi-humorous exaggeration? I can't quite sympathize with people who take Balzac seriously. I cannot talk about the remorseless skill with which he tears off the mask from the fearful corruptions of modern society, and penetrates into the most hidden motives of the human heart; nor can I infer from his terrible pictures of feminine suffering that for every one of those pictures a woman's heart had been tortured to death. This, or something like this, I have read; and I can only say that I don't believe a word of it. Balzac, indeed, as compared with our respectable romancers, has the merit of admitting passions whose existence we scrupulously ignore; and the further merit that he takes a far wider range of sentiment, and does not hold by the theory that the life of a man or a woman closes at the conventional end of a third volume. But he is above all things a dreamer, and his dreams resemble nightmares. Powerfully as his actors are put upon the stage, they seem to me to be, after all, "such stuff as dreams are made of." A genuine observer of life does not find it so highly spiced, and draws more moderate conclusions. Balzac's characters run into typical examples of particular passions rather than genuine human beings; they are generally monomaniacs. Balthazar Claes, who gives up his life to search for the philosopher's stone, is closely related to them all; only we must substitute for the philosopher's stone some pet passion, in which the whole nature is absorbed. They have the unnatural strain of mind which marks the approach to madness. It is not ordinary daylight which illuminates Balzac's dreamland, but mere fantastic combination of Parisian lamps, which tinges all the actors with an unearthly glare, and distorts their features into extravagant forms. The result has, as I have said, a strange fascination; but one is half ashamed of yielding, because one feels that it is due to the use of rather unholy drugs. The vapours that rise from his magic caldron and shape themselves into human forms smell unpleasantly of sulphur, or perhaps of Parisian sewers.

The highest poetry, like the noblest morality, is the product of a thoroughly healthy mind. A diseased tendency in one respect is certain to make itself manifest in the other. Now Balzac, though he shows some powers which are unsurpassed or unequalled, possessed a mind which, to put it gently was not exactly well-regulated. He took a pleasure in dwelling upon horrors from which a healthy imagination shrinks, and rejoiced greatly in gloating over the mysteries of iniquity. I do not say that this makes his work immoral in the ordinary sense. Probably few people who are likely to read Balzac would be any the worse for the study. But, from a purely artistic point of view, he is injured by his morbid tendencies. The highest triumph of style is to say what everybody has been thinking in such a way as to make it new; the greatest triumph of art is to make us see the poetical side of the commonplace life around us. Balzac's ambition was, doubtless, aimed in that direction. He wished to show that life in Paris or at Tours was as interesting to the man of real insight as any more ideal region. In a certain sense, he has accomplished his purpose. He has discovered food for a dark and powerful imagination in the most commonplace details of daily life. But he falls short in so far as he is unable to represent things as they are, and has a taste for impossible horrors. There are tragedies enough all round us for him who has eyes to see. Balzac is not content with the materials at hand, or rather he has a love for the more exceptional and hideous manifestations. Therefore the *Comédie Humaine*, instead of being an accurate picture of human life, and appealing to the sympathies of all human beings, is a collection of monstrosities, whose vices are unnatural, and whose virtues are rather like their vices. One feels that there is something narrow and artificial about his work. It is intensely powerful, but it is not the highest kind of power. He makes the utmost of the gossip of a club smoking-room, or the scandal of a drawing-room, or perhaps of a country public-house; but he represents a special phase of manners, and that not a particularly pleasant one, rather than the more fundamental and permanent sentiments of mankind. When shall we see a writer who can be powerful without being spasmodic, and pierce through the surface of society without seeking for interest in its foulest abysses? That, I suppose, will happen when we have another Shakspeare.

* CHAPTER XVII.

BRÄSIG went next morning, as he had designed, to Rexow, to see Frau Nüssler. The crown-prince came to meet him at the door, wagging his tail in such a Christian manner that one must believe him to be a dog of good moral principle, since he bore no malice against Bräsig for his late chasing and drubbing. One would infer, also, from the quiet content expressed in his yellow-brown eyes, that all was well at Rexow, Frau Nüssler in the kitchen, and Jochen sitting in his arm-chair.

But it was not so, for when Bräsig opened the door, Jochen was sitting indeed in his old place; but Frau Nüssler stood before him, delivering a brief but impressive discourse to the effect that he troubled himself about nothing, and said not a word to the purpose, and when she caught sight of Bräsig, she went up to him, quite angrily, saying, "And you, too, notice nothing, Bräsig; for all you care, everything here may stand on its head; and it is your fault, too, we never should have taken those two but for you!"

"Fair and easy!" said Bräsig, "fair and easy! Not quite so fast, Frau Nüssler! What has happened now with the young candidates?"

"A good deal has happened, and I have said nothing about it, because they were Jochen's friends, and it is a bad bird that fouls its own nest; but since the time those two fellows came into my house, there has been no peace nor rest, and if it goes on so much longer, I shall quarrel, at last, with Jochen himself."

"Mother," said young Jochen, "what shall I do about it?"

"Keep still, young Jochen," cried Bräsig, "you are to blame. Can't you rouse up and teach them manners?"

"Let Jochen alone, Bräsig," said Frau Nüssler, hastily, "this time it is your fault. You promised to have an eye to these young men, and see that they did not get into mischief, and instead of that, you have let one go on as he liked, without troubling yourself about him, and you have put the other up to all sorts of nonsense, so that instead of minding his books, he goes off with his fishing-pole, and brings me home at night a great string of perch, as long as your finger. And when I think I have everything tidy, I must go and dress the horrid things, and make it all straight again."

"What? Brings home things a finger long, and I showed him the right place to
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catch the great fellows! eh, you must—no, hold on!"

"Ah, what!" cried Frau Nüssler. "You should forbid his fishing altogether, he did not come here for that purpose. He was to learn something, his father said, and he is coming here to-day, too."

"Well, Frau Nüssler," said Bräsig, "I am very greatly annoyed that he should do so little credit to my instructions, in his fishing. Has he done anything else amiss?"

"Ah, yes, indeed! both of them have. But, as I said before, I have said nothing about it, because they were Jochen's friends, and at first, it seemed as if everything would go on well. At first, there were merry, lively times here, and my little girls enjoyed it uncommonly; it was Mining here and Rudolph there, and Lining here and Gottlieb there, and they talked with Gottlieb, and romped with Rudolph, and the two old fellows were very industrious at their work, and Gottlieb sat up stairs in his room, and studied until his head swam, and Rudolph, too, read in his books; but it was not long before they got to disputing and quarrelling about ecclesiastical matters, and Gottlieb, who is much more learned than the other, told him he did not look at things from a Christian standpoint."

"Standpoint, did he say?" asked Bräsig.

"Yes, he said standpoint," replied Frau Nüssler.

"Ho, ho!" cried Bräsig, "I can hear him talk. Where other people stop, at a standpoint, is only the beginning with the Pietists. He wanted to proselyte him."

"Yes," said Frau Nüssler, "so it appeared. Now the other one is much cleverer than Gottlieb, and he began to crack all manner of jokes at him, and got the better of him, and so the strife grew worse and worse, and I don't know how it happened, but my little girls began to take a part in the business, and Lining, as the most intelligent, was on Gottlieb's side, and talked just as he did, and Mining laughed over Rudolph's jokes, and carried on with him."

"Yes," interrupted Jochen, "it is all as true as leather."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, young Jochen, to allow such doings in your house!"

"Come, Bräsig," said Frau Nüssler, "let him alone; Jochen has done everything he could to keep peace; when Gottlieb talked about the devil, to frighten one out of his

wits, then he believed in the devil, and when Rudolph laughed about the devil, and made fun of him, then he laughed with Rudolph. But, when the dispute was at the highest, little Mining happened on a bright idea; she took their books and changed them, and put Rudolph's into Gottlieb's room, and Gottlieb's into Rudolph's, and when they looked at her in astonishment, she said, merrily, they had better exchange studies for awhile, and they might possibly learn to agree. Well, at first they would hear nothing of it; but Gottlieb is always a good-natured old fellow, he soon began to read, and since it was a winter day, and he could not amuse himself out of doors, Rudolph finally began also. And then you should have seen them! It was not long, before it seemed as if they had been exchanged with their books. Gottlieb made bad jokes, and laughed about the devil, and the other old fellow groaned and sighed, and talked of the devil, as if he sat at table with us every day, and eat his potatoes, like other honest people. Now, my little girls were quite perplexed; Mining attached herself to Gottlieb, and Lining to Rudolph, for now it was Rudolph who said Gottlieb did not occupy a Christian standpoint."

"Fie!" said Bräsig, "he should not have said that. And such a fellow as that cannot catch a good-sized perch!"

"Yes," cried Frau Nüssler quite angrily, "and with your confounded old perch-fishing, the whole trouble came again, for when it was spring, and the perch began to bite, Rudolph threw his Christian standpoint aside, and took up his fishing-rod, and ran off into the fields, and Gottlieb took up the devil again, for he was going to pass his examination, and there is no getting through that without the devil. And my two little girls were puzzled to tell which they should stand by."

"They are a pair of confounded rascals," cried Bräsig, "but the proselyter is to blame for it all; why couldn't he let the other alone, with his devil and his standpoint?"

"Well, never mind! He studied well at any rate and passed his examination all right, and can be a minister any day; but the other cousin has done nothing at all at his books, and has made us all this dreadful trouble!"

"Why, what else has he done? He hasn't been catching whittings?"

"Whittings! He caught a sermon. You see, the Rector Baldrian's wife wanted to hear her Gottlieb preach, and she asked the pastor in Rahnstadt about it, and he

promised her Gottlieb should preach last Sunday, and she told her sister, Frau Kurz. She is naturally very much annoyed that her boy is not so advanced as Gottlieb, and she goes to the pastor also, and the old pastor is such a sheep that he promised her Rudolph should preach the same Sabbath. Then they drew lots, who should preach in the morning, and who in the afternoon, and Rudolph got the morning. Well, old Gottlieb studied as hard as he could, and sat from morning till night, out in the arbor, in the garden, and because he has a bad memory, he studied aloud, and the other went roving about as usual; but the last two days, he seated himself on the grassy bank behind the arbor, as if he were making a sermon too. And then Sunday came, and Jochen let them ride in to town, and we all rode, and were seated in the pastor's pew, and, I tell you, I was terribly afraid for Rudolph; but he stood there, as if there were nothing the matter, and when it was time, he went up into the pulpit, and preached a sermon, that made all the people open their eyes and mouths, and I rejoiced over the youth, and was going to say so to Gottlieb, who sat by me; but there sat the poor creature, fidgeting with his hands and feet, as if he would like to go up and pull the other out of the pulpit, and he said, "Aunt, that is *my* sermon!" And so it was, Bräsig; the wicked boy had learned the sermon by hearing it, because Gottlieb must study it aloud."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bräsig heartily, "that is a good joke!"

"Do you call that a *joke*?" exclaimed Frau Nüssler, greatly excited. "Such a trick as that in the house of God, you call a joke?"

"Eh, now," said Bräsig, still laughing, "what would you have? It is a devil of a joke, it is an infamous trick, to be sure; but I can't help laughing, for the life of me."

"Oh yes!" said Frau Nüssler, bitterly, "that is the way with you; when we others are ready to die with shame and anger, you stand by and laugh!"

"There, don't scold me," said Bräsig, trying to appease her, "tell me what the proselyter did. I wish I could have seen him!"

"What could he do? He couldn't preach the same sermon over again, in the afternoon; the old pastor had to warm up an old sermon for the occasion, but he was fearfully angry, and said, if he should report the matter, Rudolph might as well hang up his gown on the nearest willow."

"Well, and the proselyter?"

"Ah, the good old creature was so confounded, he said nothing at all; but his mother talked all the more, and quarrelled so fiercely with her sister, Frau Kurz, that they have not spoken to each other since. Oh, what a time it was! I was ashamed, and I was provoked, for Kurz and the rector came up, too, and Jochen was lingering with them, but fortunately our carriage drove up, and I got him away."

"But what did the duel-fighter say?"

"Oh, the rogue was clever enough to keep out of the uproar, he made himself scarce after his fine sermon, and ran off home."

"He got a proper good lecture from you, I will wager."

"No," said Frau Nüssler, "he didn't. I don't meddle in the affair. His father is coming, to-day, and he is the nearest to him, as the Frau Pastorin says. And I told Jochen, decidedly, he ought not to talk so much about it, for he has quite changed his nature, of late, and is always troubling himself, and talking about things that are none of his business. Keep still, Jochen!"

"Yes, Jochen, keep still!"

"And my two little girls, I scarcely know them again; after the sermon, they cried all the way home, and now they keep out of the way so shyly, and speak so short to each other, and they used always to go about together arm in arm, and if one had anything on her heart the other quickly knew it. Ah, my house is all topsy-turvy!"

"Mother," said young Jochen, rising suddenly from his chair, "it is what I have said before, but I will say it once more; you shall see, the boys have put something into their heads."

"What should they put into their heads, Jochen?" said Frau Nüssler, rather sharply.

"Love-affairs," said Jochen, sitting down again in his corner. "My blessed mother always said: A candidate and a governess in the same house — you shall see, Gottlieb and Mining."

"Now, Jochen, so you talk and talk! The Lord keep you in your senses! If I thought that was the case, the candidate should be turned out of the house, and the other after him. Come out here, Bräsig, I have something to say to you."

When they were outside, Frau Nüssler took him to the garden, and sat down with him in the arbor.

"Bräsig," said she, "I cannot listen to

this everlasting chatter of Jochen's; he has got it from Rudolph, who used to talk with him so much, last winter, in the evenings, and now he has got in the habit of it, and cannot break off. Now tell me honestly, — you promised that you would look after them, — have you ever had any idea of such a thing?"

"Eh, preserve us!" said Bräsig, "not the remotest conception!"

"I cannot believe it is so," said Frau Nüssler, thoughtfully; "at first, Lining and Gottlieb were always together, and Mining and Rudolph, — afterwards, Mining held to Gottlieb, and Lining to Rudolph, and after the examination, Lining went back to Gottlieb again; but Mining and Rudolph are not friends, for since the sermon she will scarcely look at him."

"Frau Nüssler," said Bräsig, "love is a thing which begins in some hidden way, perhaps with a bunch of flowers, or a couple say 'Good morning' to each other, and touch each other's hands, or they stoop, at the same time, to pick up a ball of cotton, and knock their heads together, and a looker-on observes nothing more, but after a while, it becomes more perceptible, the women often turn red, and the men cast sheep's-eyes, or the women entice the men into the pantry, and offer them sausage and tongue and pig's head, and the men come to see the women, dressed up in red and blue neck-ties, or, if it is very far gone, they go out walking on summer evenings, in the moonlight, and sigh. Anything of that sort with the little rogues?"

"I cannot say, Bräsig. They have been in my pantry, off and on; but I soon sent them out, for I won't have people eating in the pantry, and I never noticed that my little girls turned red, though they have cried their eyes red, often enough, of late."

"Hm!" said Bräsig, "this last is not without significance. Now I will tell you, Frau Nüssler, leave it wholly to me, I know how to track them; I detected Habermann's confounded greyhound, in his love-affairs. I am an old hunter; I can track him to his lair; but you must tell me where they have their haunts; that is, where I shall be likely to find them."

"That is here, Bräsig, here in this arbor. My little girls sit here in the afternoon, and sew, and the other two come and sit with them; I never thought any harm of it."

"No harm in that," said Bräsig, and stepping out of the arbor he looked carefully around, and in so doing perceived a

large Rhenish cherry-tree, full of leaves, which stood close by the arbor.

"All right!" said he, "what can be done shall be done."

"Dear heart!" sighed Frau Nüssler, as they went back to the house, "what a miserable time we shall have to-day! Kurz is coming this afternoon, in time for coffee, and he is bitterly angry with his son, and such a malicious little toad. You shall see, there will be a great uproar."

"It is always the way with little people," said Bräsig; "the head, and the lower constitution are so close together, that fire kindles quickly."

"Yes," sighed Frau Nüssler, again entering the house, "it is a misery." She had no idea that the misery in her house was already in full course.

While these transactions were going on below stairs the two little twin-apples sat up in their chamber, sewing. Lining sat by one window, and Mining by the other, and they never looked up from their work, they never spoke to each other, as in those old times, at the Frau Pastorin's sewing-school,—they sewed and sewed, as if the world were coming to pieces, and they, with needle and thread, were patching it together again, and they looked so solemn about it, and sighed so heavily, as if they knew right well what an arduous task they had under their fingers. It was strange that their mother had said nothing to Bräsig of how their pretty, red cheeks had grown pale, and it must have been because she had not noticed it herself. But it was so, the two little apples looked as wan as if they had grown on the north side of the life-tree, where no sunbeams pierced to color their cheeks, and it seemed, too, as if they hung no longer on the same twig. At last Lining let her work drop in her lap, she could not sew any longer, her eyes filled, and the tears ran down her white cheeks; and Mining reached for her handkerchief, and held it to her eyes, and great tears dropped in her lap, and so they sat and wept, as if the fair, innocent world in their own bosoms had gone to pieces, and they could not patch it together again.

All at once Mining sprang up and ran out of the door, as if she must get into the free air; but she bethought herself, she could not run off without being seen and questioned by her mother, so she stood there, on the other side of the door, still crying. Lining sprang up also, as if she would comfort Mining, but she bethought herself that she did not know how, so she stood on this side the door, crying.

So is often interposed, between two hearts, a thin board, and each heart hears the other sighing and weeping, and the thin board has on each side a latch, that one needs merely to lift, and what has separated the hearts may be shoved aside; but neither will stir the latch, and the two hearts weep still.

But, thank God! such selfish pride towards each other these little hearts had not yet learned, and Mining opened the door, and said, "Lining, why are you crying?" and Lining reached out her hands, and said, "Ah, Mining, why are you crying?" And they fall into each others arms, still crying, but their cheeks grew red as if the sunlight had reached them, and they clung fast to each other, as if they were again growing on the same stem.

"Mining!" said Lining, "I will give him up to you, and you shall be happy with him."

"No, Lining!" cried Mining, "he cares more for you, and you are a great deal better than I am."

"No, Mining, I have made up my mind; uncle Kurz is coming this afternoon, and I will ask father and mother to let me go back with him, for to stay here and look on might be too hard for me."

"Do so, Lining; then you will be with his parents; and I will ask Gottlieb to get me, through his father, a place as governess, somewhere, far, far away, before you come back; for my heart is too heavy to stay here."

"Mining," said Lining, pushing her sister back, and looking earnestly in her eyes,— "with his parents? whom do you mean?"

"Why, Rudolph."

"You mean Rudolph?"

"Yes, of course; whom do you mean, then?"

"I? I meant Gottlieb."

"No, no!" cried Mining, throwing her arms again about her sister's neck, "how is that possible? Why, we don't mean the same one, after all!"

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Lining, "and what misery we have made ourselves!"

"And now it is all right!" cried Mining, dancing about the room, "it is all right now!"

"Yes, Mining, it is all right now," and Lining also danced about the room. And Mining fell upon her sister's neck again, this time in joy.

Yes, when one touches the latch, in time, and shoves back the separating wall, then the hearts come together again, and all is

right, even if there is not such a rejoicing as here in the little chamber. First they wept, and then they danced about the room, then they sat down one in the other's lap, and talked it all over, and blamed themselves for stupidity, that they had not noticed how it stood with them, and wondered how it was possible that they should not have come to an explanation before, and then each confessed how far she had gone with her cousin, and that the young men had not yet spoken openly, and they were both half inclined to scold them, as the cause of all the trouble. And Lining said she had been, all along, in great doubt; but since last Sunday, she had been convinced that Mining cared for Gottlieb, for otherwise why should she have cried so? and Mining said she could not help crying, because Rudolph had done such a dreadful thing; and she supposed Lining was crying for the same reason. And Lining said that what troubled her was because her poor Gottlieb was served so. But it was all right now; and when the dinner-bell rang, the little twinnings tumbled down stairs, rosy-red, and arm in arm, and Bräsig, who had seated himself with his back to the light that he might judge the better of their appearance, stared in astonishment at their bright eyes and joyous faces, and said to himself: "How? They are shy? They are in trouble? They are in love? They look just ready for a frolic."

Upon the ringing of the dinner-bell, entered Bräsig's proselyter, the candidate Gottlieb Baldrian. Lining grew red, and turned away, not in ill humor, but on account of the confession she had made upstairs, and Bräsig said to himself, "This strikes me as a very curious thing; Lining is affected. How can it be possible? and he such a scarecrow!"

Bräsig had expressed himself too strongly, but Gottlieb was no beauty. Nature had dealt niggardly with him, and the little that he had he did not use to advantage. Take his hair, for instance. He had a thick head of hair, and if it had been properly kept under by the shears, it would have been good, respectable light hair, and he might have gone about, without attracting any attention; but he had, in his clerical heart, set up for his model, St. John the beloved, and he parted his hair in the middle, and combed it down on each side, though its natural tendency was to stand upright. Eh, well, I have nothing to say against it if a little rogue of ten or twelve years runs around with curls about his head, and the mothers of the

little rogues have still less to say against it, and they turn them about, and stroke the hair out of their eyes, and comb it smooth, too, when a visitor is coming,—silly people sometimes go so far as to put it up in curl-papers, and use hot irons; I should have nothing to say, if it were the fashion for old people to curl their hair in long curls, for the old pictures look very fine so; but he who has no calves ought not to wear tight trowsers, and if a man's hair does not curl, he does better to keep it short. Our old Gottlieb's incongruous wig hung down, tanned by the sun, as if he had tied in a lot of rusty lath-nails, and because he had to oil it very liberally to keep it in its place, it ruined his coat-collar,—farther, it did not reach. Under this rich gift of nature, looked out an insignificant, pale face, which usually wore a melancholy expression, so that Bräsig was always asking him what shoemaker he employed, and whether his corns troubled him. The rest of his figure harmonized with this expression, he was long, and thin and angular; but the part devoted to the enjoyment of the good things of this world seemed quite wanting, and the place which this necessary and useful organ generally occupies was a great cavity, like Frau Nüssler's baking-tray, seen from the inside. He was really a natural curiosity for Bräsig, who ate like a barn-thresher, and couldn't help it. One would almost have believed that the Pietist was nourished in some other way than by eating and drinking. I have known people, and know some people still, whom I never could rival in this respect. It is true these candidates are often very thin, as one may see by the best of the Hanover candidates, who are so plenty among us; but when one gets a fat parish, he often begins to fill out, and so Bräsig did not give up the hope that Gottlieb might come to something, in time, though he puzzled his brains over him a great deal. This was the way Gottlieb Baldrian looked; but the picture would not be complete, if I did not say that over the whole was spread a little, little smirk of Pharisaism; it was a very little, but that Pharisee stuff is like a calf's stomach; with a little, little bit one can turn a whole pan of milk sour.

They sat down to dinner, and Jochen asked,—

"Where is Rudolph?"

"Good gracious, Jochen, what are you talking about?" said Frau Nüssler hastily, "you ought to know by this time, that he never in his life was in season. He has gone fishing; but if people won't

come in time, they may go without their dinner."

The meal was a quiet one, for Bräsig did not talk, he lay in wait, with all his senses and faculties, and Frau Nüssler wondered in silence what could have so changed her little girls. They sat there laughing and whispering lightly to each other, and looking so happy, as if they were just awaked from a bad dream, and were rejoicing that it wasn't true, and that the sun shone brightly once more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN dinner was over, Mining, whose turn it was to help her mother, in clearing up, tidying the room and making coffee, asked her sister, "Lining, where are you going?"

"I am going to get my sewing," said Lining, "and sit in the arbor."

"Well, I will come soon," said Mining.

"And I will come too," said Gottlieb slowly, "I have a book that I must finish reading to-day."

"That is right," said Bräsig, "that will be a devilish fine entertainment for Lining."

Gottlieb wanted to preach him a little sermon upon his misuse of the word devilish, but restrained himself, since he reflected that it would be thrown away upon Bräsig; so he said nothing, but followed the girls out of the room.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Frau Nüssler, "what has happened to my children? I don't know what to make of it; they are one heart and one soul again."

"Keep quiet, Frau Nüssler," said Bräsig, "I will find out all about it, to-day. Jochen, come out with me; but don't go to talking!"

Jochen followed him into the garden. Bräsig took him under the arm. "Keep quite still, Jochen, and don't look round, and act as if we were taking a walk after dinner."

Jochen did so, very skilfully.

When they came to the cherry-tree before the arbor, Bräsig stopped.

"So, Jochen, now stoop over, — with your head against the tree."

Jochen would have spoken, but Bräsig pushed down his head.

"Keep still, Jochen, — put your head against the tree!" and with that he clambered up on Jochen's back. "So! now stand up! Sure enough, I can just reach," — and he caught the lowest boughs, and pulled himself up into the tree. Jochen had said nothing as yet, but now he broke out:

"Bräsig, they are not ripe yet."

"Blockhead!" cried Bräsig, looking, with his red face among the green leaves, like a gay basket hung on the branches, "do you think I expect to pick Rhenish cherries on St. John's day? But you must go away now, and not stand there looking at me, like a dog that has treed a cat."

"Yes, what shall I do about it?" said Jochen, and left Bräsig to his destiny.

Bräsig had not long to watch, before he heard a light, quick step on the gravel-walk, and Lining seated herself in the arbor, with a great heap of needle-work. If she meant to do all that to-day, she should have begun immediately; but she laid it on the table, rested her head on her hand, and, looking out into the blue heaven through Bräsig's cherry-tree, sat in deep thought. "Ah, how happy I am!" said the little, thankful soul, "my Mining is good to me again, and Gottlieb is good to me, else why did he keep touching my foot at dinner? and how Bräsig looked at me! I believe I turned quite red. Ah, what a good old fellow Gottlieb is! How seriously and learnedly he talks, how steady he is, the minister is clearly written on his face! He is not handsome, to be sure, Rudolph is much better looking, but he has something peculiar about him, as if he were ever saying, don't come near me with your pitiable, lamentable nonsense, I have higher thoughts, I am spiritually minded. But I will cut his hair for him, by and by."

It is a merciful providence that the little maidens are not all taken with a fine exterior, else we ugly fellows would be obliged to remain bachelors, and it would be a sad company, for what can be uglier than an ugly old bachelor?

In Lining's closing reflection — that she would cut Gottlieb's hair shorter — was implied such a confident hope, that she blushed to think of it, and, as she heard the gravel creak under slow, dignified steps, she seized her needle-work and begun to sew diligently.

Gottlieb came with his book, and seated himself about three feet from her, and began to read, but often looked off from his book as if he were turning over in his mind what he had just read, or perhaps something else. It is always so with the Pietist candidates, that is, when they have found their right calling, and sincerely believe what they preach to the people; before their examination they have none but spiritual thoughts, but after their examination worldly matters claim their share of attention, and instead of thinking of a

parish they think first of a marriage. It was so with Gottlieb, and because, since his examination, no other girls had come in his way but Lining and Mining, and Lining had paid much closer attention to his admonitions than her light-hearted sister, he had happened upon the worldly thought of making her a pastor's wife. He was not very expert at the business, labouring, indeed, under great embarrassment, and had as yet gone no further than treading on her feet, a proceeding which he was quite as bashful in attempting, as Lining in receiving. He had decided, however, to open the matter in proper style, so he said, "Lining, I have brought this book out really on your account. Will you listen to some of it?"

"Yes," said Lining.

"It will be a tedious story," said Bräsig to himself. He did not lie on a bed of roses, up in the cherry-tree.

Gottlieb read an edifying discourse upon Christian marriage, how it should be thought of, and with what feelings entered into, and when he had finished, he moved a step nearer, and asked:

"What do you say to it, Lining?"

"It is certainly very beautiful," said she.

"Marriage?" asked Gottlieb.

"Oh, Gottlieb!" said Lining, and bent lower over her needlework.

"No, Lining, said Gottlieb, "moving up another step, "it is *not* beautiful. God bless you for it, that you have not placed a light estimate upon this important act of human life. It is terribly hard, that is in a Christian sense," and he gave her a fearful description of the heavy duties and troubles and cares of married life, as if he were preparing her for a residence at the House of Correction, while Bräsig, up in the cherry-tree, crossed himself, and thanked his stars that he had not entered on that sad estate. "Yes, Lining," said he, "marriage is a part of the curse, with which God drove our first parents out of Paradise," and he took his Bible, and read to the little girl the third chapter of the first book of Moses, till Lining trembled all over, and did not know where to go, for shame and distress.

"Infamous Jesuit!" exclaimed Bräsig half aloud, "to distress the innocent child like that!" and he was almost ready to spring down from the tree, and Lining would almost have run away, only that the book out of which he was reading was the Bible, and what was in the Bible must be good; she covered her face with her hands, and cried bitterly. He was now full of spiritual zeal, and threw his arm about

her, saying, "I spare thee not, in this solemn hour! Caroline Nüssler, wilt thou, under these Christian conditions, be my Christian wedded wife?"

Ah, and Lining was in such a dreadful confusion, she could neither speak nor think, but only cry and cry.

Then resounded along the garden path, a merry song:

"Little fish in silver brook,
Swimming off to a shady nook,
Little gray fish
Seeking a wife."

And Lining made a desperate effort, and started out of the arbor, spite of the Bible and Christian conditions, to meet Mining, who was coming out, with her sewing; and Gottlieb followed, with long, slow steps, and his face looked as wonder-stricken as that of the young preacher, when in the midst of his long sermon, the sexton laid the church-door key on the pulpit, saying that when he had finished he might lock up, himself, for he was going to dinner. And he might well looked astonished, for, like the young preacher, he had done his best, and his church stood empty.

Mining was a little, inexperienced child, being the youngest, but she was sufficiently acute to perceive that something had happened, and to ask herself whether she would not cry under similar circumstances, and what sort of comfort would be necessary. She seated herself quietly, in the arbor, arranged her needle-work, and, reflecting upon her own unsettled circumstances, began to sigh a little, for want of anything else in particular to do.

"Preserve me!" said Bräsig, in the tree, "now the little rogue has come, and my legs are perfectly numb, and the business is getting tedious."

But the business was not to be tedious long, for soon after Mining had seated herself, there appeared around the corner of the arbor a handsome, young fellow, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder, and a basket of fish suspended around his neck.

"This is good, Mining," cried he, "that I find you here. Of course you have had dinner long ago?"

"You may well think so, Rudolph," she replied, "it is just two o'clock."

"Aunt will certainly be very angry with me."

"You may be sure of that, she is so already, without your being late to dinner; but your own stomach will be the worst to you, for you have cared for it poorly, to-day."

"So much the better for yours, this evening. I could not come sooner, it was out of the question, with the fish biting so finely. I have been to the Black Pool to-day. Bräsig will never let me go there, and I understand the reason; it is his private pantry when he cannot find fish elsewhere; the whole pond is full of tench, just look! See there, what splendid fellows!" and he opened his basket, and showed his treasures. "I have got ahead of old Bräsig, this time!"

"Infamous rascal!" exclaimed Bräsig, to himself, and his nose peered out between the leaves, like one of the pickled gherkins, which Frau Nüssler was in the habit of putting up for the winter, in these same cherry-leaves. "Infamous rascal! he has been among my tench, then! May you keep the nose on your face! what fish the scamp has caught!"

"Give them to me, Rudolph," said Mining. "I will take them in, and bring you out something to eat."

"Oh, no! no! Never mind."

"But you must be hungry."

"Well, then, just a little something, Mining. A slice or two of bread and butter!"

Mining went, and Rudolph seated himself in the arbor.

He had a sort of easy indifference, as if he would let things come to him, but yet, when they touched him nearly, he would not fail to grapple with them. His figure was slender, and yet robust, and with the roguery in his brown eyes was mingled a spark of obstinacy, with which the little scar on his brown cheek harmonized so well, that one could safely infer he had not spent all his time in the study of dogmatic theology. "Yes," said he, as he sat there, "the fox must go to his own hole. I have beaten about the bush long enough; to be sure there has been time to spare, there was no hurry about settling matters until now; but, to-day, two things must be decided. To-day the old man is coming; well for me that mother does not come too, else I might find myself wanting in courage, at last. I am as fit for a parson as a donkey to play on the guitar, or Gottlieb for a colonel of cuirassiers. If Bräsig were only here, to-day, he would stand by me. But Mining! If I could get that settled first."

Just then, Mining came along, with a plate of bread and butter.

Rudolph sprang up: "Mining, what a good little thing you are!" and he threw his arm around her.

Mining pulled herself away; "Ah, let

me be! What a naughty boy you are! Mother is dreadfully angry with you."

"You mean on account of the sermon? Well, yes! It was a stupid trick."

"No," said Mining, earnestly, "it was a wicked trick. It was making light of holy things."

"Oh, ho! Such candidates' sermons are not such holy things,—even when they come from our pious Gottlieb."

"But, Rudolph, in the church!"

"Ah, Mining, I acknowledge it was a stupid trick, I did not consider it beforehand; I only thought of the sheepish face Gottlieb would make, and that amused me so that I did the foolish thing. But let it go, Mining!" and he threw his arm about her again.

"No, let go!" said Mining, but did not push it away. "And the pastor said, if he should report the matter, you could never in your life get a parish."

"Let him report it then; I wish he would, and I should be out of the scrape once for all."

"What?" asked Mining, making herself free, and pushing him back a little way, "do you say that in earnest?"

"In solemn earnest. It was the first and last time I shall enter a pulpit."

"Rudolph!" exclaimed Mining, in astonishment.

"Why should that trouble you?" cried Rudolph, hastily. "Look at Gottlieb, look at me! Am I fit for a pastor? And if I had whole systems of theology in my head, so that I could even instruct the learned professors, they would not let me through my examination; they demand also a so-called religious experience. And if I were the apostle Paul himself, they would have nothing to do with me, if they knew about the little scar on my cheek."

"But what will you do, then?" asked Mining, and laid her hand hastily on his arm. "Ah, don't be a soldier!"

"God forbid! Don't think of such a thing! No, I will be a farmer."

"Confounded scamp!" said Bräsig, up in the tree.

"Yes, my dear little Mining," said Rudolph, drawing her down on the bench beside him, "I will be a farmer, a right active, skilful farmer, and you, my little old dear Mining, shall help me about it."

"She shall teach him to plough and to harrow," said Bräsig.

"I, Rudolph?" asked Mining,

"Yes, you, my dear, sweet child,"—and he stroked the shining hair, and the soft cheeks, and lifted the little chin, and looked

full in the blue eyes, — "if I only knew, with certainty, that in a year and a day you would be my little wife, it would be easy for me to learn to be a skilful farmer. Will you, Mining, will you?"

And the tears flowed from Mining's eyes, and Rudolph kissed them away, here and there, over her cheeks, down to her rosy mouth, and Mining laid her little round head on his breast, and when he gave her time to speak, she whispered softly that she would, and he kissed her again, and ever again, and Bräsig called, half aloud, from the tree, "But that is too much of a good thing! Have done!"

And Rudolph told her, between the kisses, that he would speak with his father, to-day, and remarked also, by the way, it was a pity Bräsig was not there; he could help him finely in his undertaking, and he knew the old man thought a great deal of him.

"Confounded scamp!" said Bräsig, "catching away my tench!"

And Mining said Bräsig was there, and was taking his afternoon nap.

"Just hear the rogue, will you?" said Bräsig. "This looks like an afternoon nap! But it is all finished now. Why should I torment my poor bones any longer?" And as Rudolph was saying he must speak to the old gentleman, Bräsig slid down the cherry-tree, until his trousers were stripped up to his knees, and caught by the lowest branches, saying, "Here he hangs, and there! — he let himself fall," and stood close before the pair of lovers, with an expression on his heated face, which said quite frankly he considered himself a suitable arbiter in the most delicate affairs.

The young people did not conduct themselves badly. Mining did like Lining in putting her hands before her face, only she did not cry, and she would have run away like Lining, if she had not, from a little child, stood on the most confidential footing with her Uncle Bräsig. She threw herself, with her eyes covered, against her Uncle Bräsig's breast, and crept with her little, round head almost into his waistcoat pocket, and cried, —

"Uncle Bräsig! Uncle Bräsig! you are an abominable old fellow!"

"So?" asked Bräsig. "Eh, that is very fine."

"Yes," said Rudolph, with a little air of superiority, "you should be ashamed to play the listener here."

"Monsieur Noodle," said Bräsig, "let me tell you, once for all, I have never in my life done anything to be ashamed of, and

if you think you can teach me good manners you are very much mistaken."

Rudolph had sense enough to see this, and, although he would have relished a little contest, it was clear to him that on this occasion he must yield to Mining's wishes. So he remarked, in a pleasanter tone, that if Bräsig were up in the tree by chance — he would take that for granted — he might at least have advised them of his presence, by coughing, or in some way, instead of listening to their affairs from A to Z.

"So?" said Bräsig, "I should have coughed, should I? I *groaned* often enough and if you had not been so occupied with your own affairs, you might easily have heard me. But you ought to be ashamed, to be making love to Mining without Frau Nüssler's permission."

That was his own affair, Rudolph said, and nobody's else, and Bräsig knew nothing about such matters.

"So?" asked Bräsig, again. "Did you ever have three sweethearts at once? I did, sir; three acknowledged sweethearts, and do I know about such matters? But you are such a sly old rascal, fishing my tench out of the Black Pool, on the sly; and fishing my little Mining, before my very eyes, out of the arbor. Come, leave him alone, Mining! he shall have nothing to do with you."

"Ah, Uncle Bräsig," begged Mining so helplessly, "be good to us, we love each other so much."

"Well, never mind, Mining, you are my little goddaughter; though that is all over now."

"No, Herr Inspector!" cried Rudolph, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder, "no, dear, good Uncle Bräsig, that is not over, that shall last as long as we live. I will be a farmer, and if I have the prospect of calling Mining my wife, and" — he was cunning enough to add — "and you will give me your valuable advice, the devil must be in it, if I cannot make a good one."

"A confounded rascal!" said Bräsig to himself, adding, aloud, "Yes, you will be such a Latin farmer as Pistorius, and Prætorius, and Trebonius, and you will sit on the bank of the ditch and read that fellow's book, with the long title, about oxygen and carbonic acid gas, and organisms, while the cursed farmboys are strewing manure, behind your back, in lumps as big as your hat-crown. Oh, I know you! I never knew but one man who had been to the great schools, and was worth anything afterward, and that

was the young Herr von Rambow, who was with Habermann."

"Ah, Uncle Bräsig," said Mining, lifting her head, suddenly, and stroking the old man's cheeks, "what Franz can do, Rudolph can do also."

"No, Mining, that he can *not*! And why? Because he is a greyhound, and the other is a decided character!"

"Uncle Bräsig," said Rudolph, "you are thinking of that stupid trick of mine, about the sermon; but Gottlieb had teased me so with his zeal for proselyting, I must play some little joke on him."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bräsig, "well, why not, it amused me, it amused me very much. So he wanted to convert you too, from fishing, perhaps? Oh, he has been trying to convert somebody here, this afternoon, but Lining ran away from him; however, that is all right."

"With Lining and Gottlieb? asked Mining anxiously, "and have you listened to that, too?"

"Of course I listened to it, it was on their account I perched myself in this confounded cherry-tree. But now come here Monsieur Rudolph. Will you, all your life long, never again go into the pulpit and preach a sermon?"

"No, never again."

"Will you get up at four o'clock in the morning, and three o'clock in the summer-time, and give out fodder grain?"

"Always, at the very hour."

"Will you learn how to plough and harrow and mow properly, and to reap and bind sheaves, that is, with a band,—there is no art in using a rope?"

"Yea," said Rudolph.

"Will you promise never to sit over the punch-bowl, at the Thurgovian ale-house,

when your wagons are already gone, and then ride madly after them?"

"I will never do it," said Rudolph.

"Will you also never in your life—Mining, see that beautiful larkspur, the blue, I mean, just bring it to me, and let me smell it—will you," he continued, when she was gone, "never entangle yourself with the confounded farm-girls?"

"Herr Inspector, what do you take me for?" said Rudolph angrily, turning away.

"Come, come," said Bräsig, "every business must be settled beforehand, and I give you warning: for every tear my little godchild sheds on your account I will give you neck a twist," and he looked as fierce as if he were prepared to do it immediately.

"Thank you Mining," said he, as she brought him the flower, and he smelled it, and stuck it in his buttonhole.

"And now, come here, Mining, I will give you my blessing. No, you need not fall on your knees, since I am not one of your natural parents, but merely your godfather. And you, Monsieur Rudolph, I will stand by you this afternoon, when your father comes, and help you out of this clerical scrape. And now, come, both of you, we must go in. But I tell you, Rudolph, don't sit reading, by the ditches, but attend to the manure-atrewing. You see there is a trick in it, the confounded farm-boys must take the fork, and then not throw it off directly, no! they must first break it up three or four times with the fork, so that it gets well separated. A properly manured field ought to look as neat and fine as a velvet coverlid."

With that, he went, with the others, out of the garden gate.

The Colours of Jupiter.—THE planet Jupiter, which has of late formed so interesting a subject to astronomers, is now very favourably situated for observation—having passed his opposition on December 13. His colours are even more striking this year than they were in the winter months of 1869-1870. Mr. Browning thus speaks of the appearance of the planet on October 24 and 25, 1870:—"The equatorial belt was of a fuller ochreish or tawny colour than when I observed it during the previous opposition. A bright belt to the north of the equator was much the brightest portion of the planet's disc. The dark belts on the north-

ern side were of a very dark brown, with less copper colour in them than I found during my previous observations. The portion of the disc to the south of the equator was peculiarly free from belts. This refers specially to the views I obtained on the 24th. The hemisphere seen on the 25th had a light and a dark belt about midway between the south pole and the equator, tolerably prominent. The ochreish belt was mottled all over the surface with white cloudy markings or patches—a distinct line of them, though separated by darker markings between, evidently encircled the whole of the planet—a little way to the south of the true equator."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ZUMALACARREGUY.

THE map of Spain is singularly like its story. Parallel plateaus, twin mountain-ranges, and rivers running all the same way, compose its surface; while similar eras, marked by identical characters and like events, make up its annals. The same endless contest, with its sudden bursts of ferocious energy and its odd sluggish pauses, is always going on therein. Orthodox and Arian, Moor and Christian, Monarch and Fuero, Progressista and Servile—it is still the same. Spaniards divide and grapple at this very hour precisely as they did at the dawn of their history. The names of the factions may change; but in length, leaders, and incidents, the struggle knows no variation. In Spain the throne is perpetually reproducing Roderic; the camp, Viriatus; and the war, Numantia.

It is difficult at this distance of time to conceive the virulence of political passion among the Spanish factions of forty or fifty years ago. For many a long year they decided every question with the sword—proscription being the result of defeat, and exile, mitraille, and massacre everyday occurrences. This was peculiarly fatal to the heroes of the great war, probably from their habit of rushing to the front, and most of them—like Poirier, Sanchez, and the Empecinado—died on the scaffold. Europe was amazed. It was as if the squabbles of the French Chambers had destroyed the Marshals of the Empire; or as if the animosity of Whig and Tory had sacrificed our own vikings and paladins. Thanks to their energy, the feeble character and pecuniary difficulties of the sovereign, and the goodwill of France and England, the Liberals, after many changes of fortune, were at last fixed in power, and they took good care to secure to themselves a lasting supremacy. They excluded Don Carlos, the head of the Conservatives, from the throne by the revocation of the Salique law: they drove him into exile, and they expelled his adherents from office, "wiping out"—to use an expressive Americanism—the more energetic of them, and as far as possible disarming the rest. The Carlists had no fair excuse for open resistance while Ferdinand VII. survived. But he was soon removed—dying on the 29th of September, 1833—and then the war broke out. The Liberals wielded the government, the great towns, and the army; and the Carlists, which meant the mass of the rural population, gathered strong in

Andalusia and Valencia, stronger still in Catalonia and La Mancha, and by tens of thousands in the north-east; so numerous, indeed, that had the party been organized, it would have possessed a very fair chance of success. But there was no such thing as organization therein. Its members were emphatically old Spaniards, and old Spaniards never perform anything to-day that can possibly be deferred till the morrow; which in this instance had long been synonymous with the death of Ferdinand. That event, therefore, found them totally unprepared, without combination, plan, or warlike material, while their opponents had every one of those things, and used them well. The Liberal troops in strength met the Carlists in detail and scattered them in all directions. Santos Ladrón, the head of the northern rising, was taken and shot; Merino was beaten and reduced to a mere guerilla; and most of the other bands dispersed on the approach of the army. In less than a month the revolt was in its last throes—a few half-naked and dispirited partidas were all that remained in arms by the 29th of October; and these crouched among the gorges of the Pyrenees, ready to melt away before the first attack. Nor was this likely to be long delayed. A well-equipped force, full 20,000 strong, basing its operations on the fortresses of Biscay and Navarre, was preparing to sweep the hills. Everything, in fact, portended a speedy close to the strife, when a single man of inferior rank and no reputation, wealth, or following—a mere half-pay Colonel who had been living under surveillance for the previous two years—joined the fugitives and restored the balance.

This was Zumalacarreguy, and no greater contrast to the conventional Spaniard could well be imagined. He was a short, muscular man of forty-five, with powerful features, and piercing grey eyes—a restless, resolute, silent character, scorning exaggeration and show, contemptuous to eccentricity of small things, bent on great ones, and fully capable of achieving them. It is not usual to hold aloof from rebellion when it is hopeful, just to embrace it at its last gasp as he did. But this was the result of cool calculation. Had he risen among the first he could have obtained but a subordinate post: for he was a man of action, while it is your daring talker who always takes the lead at the outset of popular commotion; and in an inferior grade, besides being powerless to avert the ruin which he foresaw from

such leadership, he might probably have forfeited his life, and would certainly have been too deeply involved in the disgrace ever to hope again for eminence. He decided then to wait and watch, and the crisis came and passed with unexpected speed. Every one of the early leaders failed, and the revolt, springing, as he knew, from fierce, lasting, and almost universal feeling, and wanting nothing but a head to prove a glorious one, was dying out for sheer lack of brain. This was the opportunity of daring ambition, and Zumalacarreguy seized it with an eager hand.

Stealing out at nightfall of October 30, from Pampeluna, he trudged away on foot among the western hills. Towards morning he fell in with a party of Carlists and instantly took the command, to the intense disgust of Ituralde, the former chief, who happened to be some miles off at the time with another fraction of his band. Not willing to be superseded in this cool way, Ituralde instantly despatched a troop to arrest the intruder. The latter was soon found in the neighbourhood of the Borinda pass. "Arrest me!" thundered Zumalacarreguy, with a look and tone that completely awed the peasants. "Go back directly, seize Ituralde, and bring him here." The men shouldered their weapons, retraced their steps, laid hold of their old leader, and carried him off to the new one. In an hour Ituralde was at liberty, and installed as Zumalacarreguy's lieutenant, and a good and faithful one he proved.

But difficulties infinitely more serious than petty rivalry were thickening round the Carlist. Ten thousand men garrisoned the fortresses, and Sarsfield was coming up from Burgos with 10,000 more. That chief was soon on the ground, and then the whole great force gathered in a semicircle round the guerrillas, and bore them helplessly backward to the ridge of the Pyrenees, where 25,000 Frenchmen held the passes in the interests of the Queen. Three days more of autumn and there would have been an end of Zumalacarreguy, when, just at the nick of time, winter interposed and chained the Christians to inaction. But not the Carlists. All through that winter Zumalacarreguy was indefatigable. He had joined the war not to waste his life harassing the Government as a mere partisan, but to overthrow it as the leader of an army. And before the melting of the snows that gave him the opportunity he had moulded his followers—hardly 800 men all told—into the nucleus of the instrument he de-

sired. He drilled them incessantly, and he brought them into collision with the Christians under circumstances that rendered success a certainty, thus giving them the great essentials of soldiery—consistence and confidence. He beat up the Christino quarters here and there and everywhere, quadrupling his force by activity, all but sleepless and ubiquitous, and writing every error of his opponents in their blood, until, in less than a fortnight, he became their terror. None of the smaller posts were safe from his swoop, and long before the frost was over they were all withdrawn from the more distant valleys. Of these the Carlists at once took possession, and organized a government of their own in the Bastan, under the presidency of the priest Echeverria. And a very efficient weapon it proved in his hands, its enactments being obeyed everywhere, save just on the spots occupied by the Queen's troops: for the people of the north-east were to a man Carlists.

Sarsfield was a good soldier when he liked his side or happened to be sober. But he was notoriously addicted to wine, and more than suspected of Carlistism. He, therefore, was speedily removed, and Valdez, a thorough Liberal, appointed in his stead. The new generalissimo arrived with the spring, and his first efforts were directed towards the destruction of the insurrectionary government in the Bastan. Early in February, then, he gathered a powerful column at Pampeluna and marched rapidly on Lumbiers, where the Carlist Junta held its sittings. He had only six leagues to traverse, but over such a road,—up hill and down, through defile and torrent, the Kirkstone Pass being a trifle in comparison. If Valdez had ever dreamt of surprising Lumbiers he soon abandoned the idea. Pampeluna was not yet out of sight when, like drops from the tail of a thunder-cloud, the Carlist balls began to patter among his ranks—three or four at a time—and from every cover that commanded the roads. The aim was good, and the casualties soon rose to a startling figure; while it was useless to return the fire, and worse than useless to pursue the marksmen. Lumbiers was reached at last, but the Junta had escaped hours before up the valley. Thither Valdez determined to follow, and thither the Carlists retreated before him, skirmishing as they went. At last the chosen point was reached: a spot where the road narrowed to a yard or two, and plunged suddenly between precipitous cliffs. Here the Carlists were posted in force. Valdez

endeavoured to drive them off; but his wearied ranks attacked with reluctance and recoiled with alacrity. There was nothing left him but retreat, which was dogged and tormented up to the very walls of Pampeluna. The moment he turned his back the Junta was re-established in the Bastan, which thenceforth became the heart of the revolt.

A fortnight after Zumalacarreguy made a dash at Estella—twenty-five miles south-east of Pampeluna—and was repulsed after a sharp encounter. "Never mind," said he to his followers as he withdrew; "better luck next time." Four days after he made a still more daring attack on Vittoria, and all but took the place. He had actually penetrated the centre of the city, when his mountaineers, unable to resist the temptation, scattered to plunder—especially the wine-cellars. While thus agreeably engaged, a panic seized them; out they poured from among the casks, and away they ran in spite of their leader's efforts to rally them, leaving behind thirty of their comrades who had achieved the rather difficult feat of getting helplessly drunk in five minutes. Thus Vittoria was lost as quickly as it had been won. Zumalacarreguy, however, carried off a good deal of plunder and 120 prisoners; and as his own thirty stragglers were immediately shot by the garrison, he slaughtered every man of them. Nor was this by any means the first instance of the kind. From the outset of the strife no quarter was the rule, and, for the first time since Religion had ceased to marshal armies, Europe saw the black flag* with "the death's-head and cross-bones" wave over the ranks of battle, and was horrified with a war of extermination. A few days later Zumalacarreguy made his appearance with a slender following under the walls of Pampeluna. The garrison took the bait, sallied in strength, and was decoyed several marches off among the hills. Then, after doing them as much mischief as he could, the Carlist suddenly vanished. The bewildered Christinos returned footsore to the city, to find that the light-heeled partisan had been there before them, carrying off a valuable convoy from the very gates. A hundred similar feats followed in quick succession. And every success strengthened his ranks, for, on all occasions, his main object was the Christino arms. These he gathered by the score, and for every musket he captured he found

a dozen candidates among the mountaineers. Indeed, his 800 dispirited fugitives had multiplied by April to 7,000 daring soldiers; and to a large extent they were an army in equipment as well as in numbers and courage. It must be allowed that in matters of dress they presented rather a motley appearance. Uniform they had none, except the red Biscay cap and the hempen sandal. Along with these some wore the provincial sheepskin jacket; but the majority were arrayed, as taste and fortune willed, in the spoils of the enemy. There was, however, no such variety in armament. Each soldier carried musket and bayonet, but neither cartridge-box nor knapsack. Instead of the first he sported a leather-belt, buckling behind, and stowed in front with twenty tin tubes, each containing a single charge; and in place of the second he bore a canvas-bag, holding a shirt, a pair of sandals, and a day's provision, but nothing else. Zumalacarreguy's arsenal lying altogether in the enemy's ranks, he was still, in spite of his successes, short of many essentials. He had hardly any cavalry. That, however, considering the character of the country, was of very little consequence. A more serious matter was that the strong places were all in the hands of the enemy, while he had no refuge but the hills. Nor could he hope to win one without a battering-train, and as yet he possessed but a single gun. This was an 18-pounder, at least a century old, which had lain abandoned and rusting among the hills ever since the War of Succession. It could seldom be used for want of ammunition, and then it was continually giving way and undergoing amputation about the muzzle; so that it became a by-word in the army that the abuela, or grandmother, as the piece was called, would be no longer than a pistol by the time the war was over. On the other hand the Christinos were well provided with artillery, used it well, and frequently owed their salvation to it. But the Carlist chief was a man of infinite resource, and having been joined by Tomas Reyna, a young officer of engineers fresh from the military school, he sent him up the Bastan to cast a few pieces out of pots, pans, and other such articles. And after a world of trouble and countless failures, Reyna succeeded in producing four very serviceable mortars, to throw the shells which had been taken from the enemy. These pieces were buried among the hills until required; they were then dug up and transported from village to village until they reached the scene of action.

* This was the favourite banner of the Carlists and was occasionally adopted by their opponents.

This was the duty of the non-combatants, and as they were responsible for the safety of the guns as well as for their transport, they took good care never to be surprised at the work.

Finding the contest expand, the Government organized a formidable body of irregulars for this especial service. These, the Chapelgorras or Pesiteros, being recruited for the most part in Biscay and Navarre, were looked upon as renegades by the Carlists, and hated accordingly. Nor were the Chapelgorras slow to return the feeling, or to merit it. Indeed, with their knowledge of the country and their animus, they proved themselves by far the most formidable enemies that the insurgents had to encounter. Zumalacarreguy also had his special battalions. The extraordinary fiscal system of old Spain rendering smuggling the most lucrative employment in the kingdom, especially along the French border, had trained quite an army of desperadoes in habits of cunning and daring unequalled, except perhaps among the Red Indians. As the war had nearly destroyed their occupation, most of these men took service with Zumalacarreguy, and he soon utilized their special qualities. Dividing them in parties (*partidas*) of twenty to fifty each, he blockaded by their means nearly every one of the Christino garrisons, as follows: One of these *partidas* was placed within gunshot of each gate, with orders to shoot every man and shave the head of every woman attempting to enter the interdicted fortress. Thanks to the bitter party-feeling of the mass of the people, the *partidas* were not very frequently required to carry out these orders. But when circumstances demanded such severity, they shot or shaved, as the case might be, without compunction. As to the garrison, the smugglers were mostly dead shots, and every one that showed upon the ramparts was pretty sure to be turned into a target. Nor were these pests to be driven off, except by a sally in force; and then they retired fighting, to resume their posts the moment the pursuit relaxed. In this way Zumalacarreguy had reduced Pampeluna itself to the greatest straits by the time Valdez laid down his command to become War Minister at Madrid.

The beleaguered city received the prompt attention of Quesada, the new chief. He gathered a convoy, selected his battalions, and marched from Vittoria on the 22nd of April, 1834. Under his protection journeyed several hundred civilians—merchants and others—having business at

Pampeluna; so that this particular expedition bore considerable resemblance to the Mecca pilgrimage in the days of the Wahabees. Among the other non-combatants, on his way to wed an heiress of Pampeluna, went the young Count O'Donnell, the gallant scion of a gallant house, which was almost annihilated in this fearful contest. Quesada made his first march without event. He halted that night at the entrance of the Borunda, a very good European edition of the Khyber Pass. Here his scouts warned him that Zumalacarreguy lay in force some distance up the defile. Quesada at once took pen, and indited a very Spanish letter. "You cannot withstand me," wrote he; the "thing is absurd to think of. Lay down your arms then, and disband, while the night gives you the opportunity." This letter he addressed to the "Chief of the Brigands," and despatched with a flag of truce. "There are no brigands here," said Zumalacarreguy, with a grim smile, and the letter was returned unopened. Both armies rose betimes; the Carlists maintained their position, and Quesada resumed his course. A short five miles brought him in sight of the foe. They were posted near Alsassua, in an angle of the gorge. But in spite of his vaunting, the Christino chief shrank from the assault, and took up a defensive post—about the worst thing he could have done, short of absolutely turning his back. His tacit confession of inferiority had its full effect upon his followers, and Zumalacarreguy gave them little time to recover their spirits. He attacked fiercely in front, and immediately after Ituralde came down on their flank. This was more than the Christinos could stand, so they turned and ran, Quesada among the first. Now, flight through a defile is a fearful thing at the best of times; but doubly so when a swarm of ferocious mountaineers, who know every nook and turn, and who can leap and climb like goats, are thundering in pursuit. But there was one good soldier among the Christinos—the young Count O'Donnell. Rallying with great exertion a company of the Guards, he threw them across the pass, and stemmed the tide of battle until the majority of the fugitives had escaped. Then, surrounded on all sides, he laid down his arms amid the admiration of the Carlists. Quesada's military chest, all his baggage, and many prisoners were taken, and 300 dead buried where they had fallen, while enough of weapons were picked up on the field to arm a new battalion of Carlists. And in

spite of O'Donnel's defence, the victory would have been still more complete had not another powerful Christino division come up directly after.

Rallying the remnant of his host under this cover, Quesada turned sharp to the left, climbed the mountains into Guipuscoa, and marched upon Tolosa. There he gathered reinforcements from the neighbouring garrisons, and started once more for Pampeluna, by way of Lecumberri. Three miles north of this pass he was met again by the Carlists, who gave way before his artillery, after inflicting a severer loss than they had suffered. By this roundabout way Quesada reached Pampeluna without further opposition, but, like a true coward, marking every step of his track in blood and fire. Wishing much to save O'Donnel, Zumalacarreguy wrote to the Christinos, proffering an exchange of prisoners. Quesada replied by shooting the few Carlists in his hands. These were but five in all, one being the alcalde of a neighbouring hamlet. In return, the stern Carlist shot O'Donnel and the three other officers for the alcalde, and twenty-four volunteers. O'Donnel offered a large ransom for his life, but finding that ineffectual, he died as he had fought, like a hero.

The news of this success spread like wild-fire. Animated thereby, the Carlists resumed their arms in several other provinces; and a number of gallant spirits, some of them English, but most of them French Legitimists, made their way through the cordon, and threw themselves heart and soul into the desperate strife, generally to perish therein. As for Zumalacarreguy, the open country was now in his hands. Nothing remained to the Liberals except the fortresses. Nor did they dare to move, except in formidable masses and covered by a powerful artillery.

Quesada found it as difficult to get out of Pampeluna as to get into it. Mustering 5,000 men, he made a dash up the Bastan, gained the pass of Lecumberri without opposition, entered Guipuscoa, and endeavoured to reach Vittoria by the great northern road. But Zavalla and the mountaineers of Biscay, fresh from a recent victory, flung themselves into a strong position right across his path, and, in spite of himself, he was compelled to cross the ridge into the dreaded Borunda, where Zumalacarreguy lay in wait. Hearing of his chief's extremity, Lorenzo, who commanded in Pampeluna, sallied out with 5,000 men, and encountered the Carlists at Goulinas, in the depths of the defile.

They were hourly expecting Quesada in the other direction, but they shrank not from the shock. The pass narrows at Goulinas to some ten yards, and winds thus for more than a furlong between two gigantic rocks called the Sisters, that rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet. Lorenzo drew back from the fight with the loss of 600 men, as many muskets, and great quantities of ammunition, and returned to his hold. Thither Quesada followed him a few hours later, the Carlists having unbarred the pass to his comparatively fresh troops. Quesada, it was evident, could not cope with the mountain chief,—so he was recalled, and Rodil, esteemed the best captain of his party, appointed in his stead.

Rodil came up from a very successful campaign in Portugal with a great reputation and 10,000 fresh men. A powerful reinforcement this; but hardly so many as had been lost by disease, hardship, battle, and execution since the commencement of this inconceivably destructive war. Pampeluna was his first object also, and leaving 4,000 of his men in various posts between Vittoria and Logrona, he entered the place on the 6th of July with the remainder, and released Quesada. There he paused long enough to issue a ferocious proclamation, and then took the field. Rodil was, in canting phrase, "a tower of strength" to the Christinos. And, oddly enough, the Carlists had just obtained a similar object in the person of Don Carlos. This very respectable, but rather addle-headed prince had at last consented to cut off his moustaches,* and run the blockade, under the guidance of a clever adventurer, Monsieur Auguet, alias the Baron de los Valles, a character who had been soldier, bagman, journalist, political intriguer—everything, except perhaps priest, by turns, and who had shown himself a consummate traveller in dark and devious paths. Directed by him, Don Carlos found no difficulty in traversing France, and crossing the borders to Zumalacarreguy's headquarters, where he arrived on the 14th of July.

The main body of the Carlists were now massed in the Amescos. This is a sort of Spanish Dartmoor, a singular maze of mountain and ravine, covering an area of 500 square miles, between the Borunda, the Ebro, and the Arga. A few villages,

* "He began with remarkable cheerfulness by cutting away his moustaches—a sacrifice at all times painful to a Castilian. The amiable Madame B. had taken upon herself the task of dying his hair."—DE LOS VALLES.

connected by goat-paths, dot its surface, and it is tenanted only by herdsmen and hunters, flocks and wolves. Valueless in an agricultural point of view, it was of the highest importance as a military position, lying as it did in the midst of the principal fortresses, and commanding the two great roads to Pampeluna, the key of the north. Round the Amescuas, Rodil gathered his troops; 7,000 men under Espartero and Jauregui, occupied the northern road; while the Generalissimo himself, with 16,000, held the highway to the south. In this position the hosts remained for some days. But Zumalacarreguy felt that delay was his worst foe, and since Rodil would not take the initiative, he assumed it himself. Early on the 28th, then, a cloud of skirmishers issued from the rocks and assailed Rodil's centre. The latter met them vigorously, and the affair grew warmer as the day advanced, until by noon 7,000 men were engaged in it on the part of the Christinos. Zumalacarreguy gave way before this mass, Rodil pursued exulting, and the fight rolled back among the mountains, until, without knowing exactly how the thing had happened, the liberal general found himself involved in the narrow gorge that communicates between the upper Amescuas and the lower, and assailed on every side. But Rodil was a different man to Quesada — an able, iron veteran, who had the full confidence of his soldiers, and he extricated himself from the trap, though not without great exertion, and much peril and heavy loss. While smarting from this defeat, Rodil heard that Zumalacarreguy's youngest child — not a year old — was at nurse in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna: he seized the baby, and, as a military execution was here out of the question, sent it to the foundling hospital.

Don Carlos, who proved no great acquisition to the army, now removed to the seat of government in the Bastan. Rodil, hearing of this, determined to drive the pretender over the frontier or take him prisoner. With this view, he carried the mass of his army into the Bastan. Zumalacarreguy took advantage of his absence to despatch a flying column over the Ebro, and then followed hard on his track. Rodil hunted Don Carlos out of the Bastan, followed him to Guipuscoa, chased him back to the Bastan again, thence through the Amescuas, and thither through Biscay and Arragon, with the persistence of a bloodhound, for more than a month. The Prince during this time led some such life as the younger

Stuart after Culloden. He had a hundred narrow escapes, and would infallibly have been taken but for the devotion of Eraso, another Carlist hero, and, to our thinking, of a mould even superior to Zumalacarreguy. The latter, conscious of his high qualities, had not long before proffered him the command. But Eraso was wasting in the grasp of a mortal disease, which carried him off a year later, and made that an excuse for declining the honour. The most robust health, however, could not have been more watchful and unwearying in charge of the Prince than Eraso, and, thanks to him, Rodil was always baffled. This, however, does not appear, to the eye of calm reason, to have been the best thing for the Carlist cause. At large, Don Carlos proved its ruin. But a prisoner, what could the Liberals have done with him? Would he not have been the source of contention among them, the origin of divisions, the centre of intrigue? And how greatly these things would have aided the exertions of the military chiefs need not be told. Rodil took a fearful revenge for his disappointment, burning and destroying wherever he set foot, and conducting his flying march with too much skill to give his indefatigable pursuer half a chance. A month without a victory was a new thing to the Carlists, and, with Rodil's ravages unavenged, depressed them like a defeat. Zumalacarreguy looked eagerly in all directions for an opportunity of striking such a stroke as should renerve his men, and soon found exactly what he wanted.

Thinking him sufficiently occupied in another quarter, a convoy was got ready by the Christinos, and despatched by the southern road to Pampeluna, in charge of General Carondolet and a sufficient escort. But, as usual, the Carlist captain had timely notice of the movement. Carondolet gained Estella, more than half way, and passed two miles beyond without interruption. There, however, the road winds through the dense woods and wild rocks of St. Faustus, and in those woods, and behind those rocks, close as tigers by the jungle-path, lay the Carlists. Not a banner waved, not a musket gleamed, not a whisper breathed in their ranks. The Christino van plunged heedless into the pass: the main body followed singing, and the rear-guard, closing the careless march, disappeared beneath the boughs. Half the green arcade was passed. Then a bugle pealed up from the mountain fern, right and left flashed a deafening volley, and fierce through the smoke rushed the

Carlists with the bayonet. Carondolet escaped, but his column was destroyed and his convoy captured. Among the prisoners was the Grandee Via Manuel. Won by his bearing, Zumalacarreguy again attempted to arrest the cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners. But Rodil had stringent orders to spare none, and his iron heart was only too willing to carry them out. Via Manuel, therefore, perished, like *ten thousand others*, in this terrible strife.

Giving up his fruitless chase, Rodil adopted another plan, and set to work vigorously fortifying the passes and building block-houses through the valleys, with the view of confining the Carlists to the hill-tops, and thus eventually starving them into submission. It was a shrewd device; but Rodil was not permitted to profit by it. Meanwhile, his opponent was just as busy on his side. Carondolet, as we have seen, had escaped from St. Faustus; but Zumalacarreguy had not done with him yet. The Franco-Spaniard lay, with 800 foot and 600 horse, in Viana, on the Ebro. There were fourteen miles of comparative plain between this town and the Amescuas, and the streets were trenched and barricaded. Carondolet, therefore, thought himself in full security, and kept corresponding watch. Zumalacarreguy, however, held a different opinion. Most of his men were Christinos in dress, and not to be distinguished from them at a distance. So, on the 4th of September, he moved with four battalions and his handful of horsemen on the town, detaining every one he met by the way. So skilfully did he manage, and so carelessly did Carondolet watch, that the surprise was complete. After a faint attempt at resistance, the Christinos fled, most of them to a convent too strong for a *coup de main*; and Zumalacarreguy, having killed 400 of the enemy, and captured 200 horses, besides prisoners and baggage, retired before the garrison of Logrono, only three miles off, could come up in relief.

The able and energetic Rodil had taxed Zumalacarreguy's resources to the utmost, and repeatedly reduced the Carlists to great straits. He had ravaged to a vast extent, sparing neither hovel, mill, convent, nor church. But, though the divisions under his own immediate control had escaped any serious disaster, his lieutenants had been ceaselessly beaten. And, while he had lost enormously—not less than 10,000 men—during his short tenure of command, he had not a single triumph to allege in extenuation. He was

therefore recalled, and Mina named to replace him. But Mina being in bad health, some time had to elapse before he could appear on the scene, and Rodil determined if possible to redeem his lost fame in the interval. And well did he bestir himself. In a week he had thrown six strong columns round the Amescuas, numbering 30,000 men in all. As for Zumalacarreguy, he had hardly a fifth of that number in hand. He had fifty blockades to maintain, for a great part of his strength depended on the protection which he gave the peasants against the marauding garrisons. And, besides, the withering tactics of Rodil had dispirited his men to such an extent that, in spite of his victories, they had fallen away of late by hundreds. Dissension, too, that sure forerunner of ruin, was beginning to appear everywhere, except in his own presence. But the hero himself was far from despairing. And never did he display such astonishing activity. To-day he was across the Ebro, to-morrow at the gates of Pampeluna; at midnight he swept the Borunda; at noon he cut off a detachment in sight of Tafalla. For days the Christinos knew not where to look for him, and could do no more than stand to their arms. At length he took a wider sweep than usual over the Ebro. Rodil heard of the movement, threw a cordon along the fords behind him, and, confident that he was now secure fifty miles off to the south, he thought he might safely venture a convoy through the dreaded Borunda, under shelter of Osma's powerful division. Osma paused on the night of the 27th of October at the village of Alegria, midway between Vittoria and Salvatierra. At daybreak he heard a scattered firing in the direction of the latter town. Knowing that its governor was expected at Vittoria with a number of political prisoners, he concluded that his march had been assailed by a troop of partidas, and despatched Brigadier O'Doyle with 3,000 men and two guns to disengage him. Osma was right as to the cause of the firing. The governor of Salvatierra had indeed been intercepted and driven back with his prisoners; but by something more formidable than mere partidas. After marching a league, O'Doyle, much to his astonishment, came full upon Zumalacarreguy with a force as numerous as his own, ranged in order of battle. The Carlists were advancing, and O'Doyle took up a position a little to the north of the road, with his right and his guns on a hill, and his left covered by a wood. The

Carlists, maddened by Rodil's ravages, charged headlong through a terrible fire and broke the Christinos. Just at this instant Ituralde, who had been detached with this very purpose, took them in the rear. The fight subsided into a massacre, for the Christinos threw away their weapons to fly, and the Carlists gave no quarter until wearied with slaying. O'Doyle's division was destroyed, and himself falling with his horse made prisoner. He was brought to Zumalacarreguy. "Life—life, for God's sake, life!" pleaded the prisoner. "A confessor, quick!" replied the Carlist. O'Doyle, his brother, and the other captive officers were led aside, allowed a short shrift; and then—six paces, a file of mountaineers, and a shallow grave for each. Sunday morning broke, a dozen priests threw down their muskets to sing a hasty mass for the slain, and the god of battles resumed his way. Osma was soon warned of O'Doyle's defeat. He heard, too, that a number of fugitives had shut themselves up in Arieta—a neighbouring village—and concluded that this meant the greater part of the division, instead of between 300 and 400 men, as was really the fact, for he never dreamt of such a crushing defeat. He marched promptly to the rescue with four guns and 4,000 men, all that were left of his command. Hearing of his approach Zumalacarreguy marshalled his ranks. "Here," said he, "comes Osma and his men. We did well yesterday, what shall we do to-day, fight or retreat?" "Fight, fight!" yelled the Carlists, rushing unbidden to the attack. Osma had hardly time to form his line when the foe was upon and through it. Nothing could stand before them, and the field was lost and won in a twinkling. But the slaughter was less on this occasion, because, in the first place, the Christinos had a clear course for flight; in the second Vittoria and its powerful garrison was at hand; and in the third, Zumalacarreguy had thought fit to cry "Quarter!" The slain, however, were sufficiently numerous. 2,000 bodies were buried after both actions, and of these hardly 150 were Carlists. Many valiant deeds were done on both days, and among the very bravest of the victors, ever first in the fire, was a little shrivelled one-armed old man, wearing a round white hat and a blue dress-coat, flourishing a rapier as long as himself, and stumbling along on a ragged piebald pony. This quixotish figure was the Marquis Valdespina, a man who had sacrificed 20,000*l.* a year to his opinions.

That night the Carlists retired in two

divisions. With the first went the mass of the prisoners, numbering 600, and with the second marched 100 more, who had been captured towards the close of the pursuit, too late to be sent to the rear. The officer guarding them had but 30 men, and felt seriously embarrassed with his charge. "What shall I do?" inquired he. "Tie them," replied the general. "There are no cords." "Then kill them!" and Zumalacarreguy rode off. Directly after, an aide-de-camp galloped up to the captain—but not to countermand the order—nothing of the kind. "Get rid of these fellows as soon as you can," said the aide, "but take care not to alarm Ituralde's division by any firing." The escort fixed bayonets—the rest is horrible.

The last defeats appalled the Christinos, and gave new life to the insurrection, which, under the terrible Cabrera, soon flamed up in Catalonia, only less fiercely than in Navarre. But still the strong towns remained with the Liberals. Their great antagonist lacked even the means of winning such a paltry place as Seoma, which repelled his assault with some loss. A short time after, he was disappointed of a valuable convoy which he would infallibly have taken but for that then rare thing among the Carlists—Marolita being yet unknown—a piece of treachery. The alcalde of Miranda, a man deep in their secrets, had been bought over by the other side. Aware of Zumalacarreguy's purpose and determined to frustrate it, he procured a Liberal priest to write a letter after his dictation. This he despatched by a trusty messenger, and the convoy was saved. That night the three were arrested in their beds, tried by court-marshal, convicted and shot before daybreak—confessing their guilt. Indeed, it was useless to deny it. The general showed himself perfectly acquainted with every step they had taken in the matter, though how he had gained his knowledge nobody could tell. This and several similar incidents gave him a strange and singularly useful repute with the vulgar. They would as soon have thought of playing false with the Virgin, or cheating the Prince of Darkness as Zumalacarreguy. But there was nothing very occult in the affair. He made as large a use of spies as the ablest leaders usually do, and that was all.

One of the chief of his spies was Ximenes, a little old peasant of Villafranca on the Arga. Unlike the rest of his tribe, this man served his party out of pure affection. Two of his sons were fighting for Don Carlos; but the eldest, the family scape-

grace, had taken service with the Liberals, and held the fortified church of Villafranca at the head of fifty irregulars. These brigands, and particularly their captain, were the terror of the country round, shooting men, carrying off women, and levying black mail to a fearful extent; but, bad as they were, being not a whit worse than any one of a hundred other Liberal garrisons. Zumalacarreguy determined to extirpate this particular nest of marauders, so he sent a strong party against them one night, under the guidance of old Ximenes. The robbers, ever watchful, detecting the advancing column, retired to their hold; but the assailants came on in overwhelming force and battered down the doors. The irregulars, however, retreated to the steeple, and broke away the stairs behind them. Having no time to starve them out, the Carlists resolved to try what fire could effect. Heaps of combustible matter—wood, tow, and skins of brandy—were collected, and the flame soon rose fiercely, lighting the gloom for leagues. It fastened on the woodwork of the building, and one after another the floors fell in; then the bells toppled down; but the gang, or such of them as survived, wedged themselves in the crevices and the deep windows, and remained as obstinate as ever. The fire died out at last, but the smoke—the worse enemy of the two—rose thicker than ever, and the assailants soon rendered it unbearable by the addition of several bundles of pimento to the pile. After vainly attempting to make terms, the villains surrendered at discretion. It was then found that ten women and eleven children had been with him in the steeple. Three of the former and four of the latter had perished by shot or suffocation, and twenty of the brigands. The survivors, of course, were shot. Nor did Ximenes make the slightest attempt to save his first-born.

Accompanied by Don Carlos, Zumalacarreguy next made a sort of triumphal procession through Navarre. One after another he appeared before the principal fortresses—Los Arcos, Estella, and Pampluna, daring their powerful garrisons to battle. But though Mina, who had just come up, was in the last with 12,000 men, all declined the challenge. For the Government had issued a decree forbidding their troops to engage unless with “a decided superiority of numbers.” And what “a decided superiority of numbers” meant in the present demoralized state of their troops, the Christino leaders in general were inclined to put at a figure so high

that there was small chance of drawing them into an engagement unless by surprise. At length, on the 12th of December, Cordova, with 12,000 men, met the Carlist leader with something less than 2,000 on a fair field, and as nobody could doubt that there was here the requisite superiority, Cordova engaged, and handled his opponent with some severity. The defeat, however, was not a rout, and three days afterwards Zumalacarreguy again met Cordova, not far from the same spot. But as on this occasion the Carlists were rather more than one to six, the result was very considerably different. They killed and wounded 1,500 of the foe, and deprived them of 3,000 muskets and as many uniforms, which meant an addition to their own ranks of an equal number of men. A similar victory closed the old year, and a third of equal importance opened 1835.

Towards the end of February, Mina, who had received powerful reinforcements, undertook some such chase as his predecessor, only instead of hunting Don Carlos, Mina chased the Carlist artillery; but with the very smallest success. Zumalacarreguy, too, was fully employed, though in quite another way. Giving his attention to the strong places, he assailed Elisonda in the Bastan, won a battle, and failed. He then attempted Zega, in the same quarter, with the same result. He resumed his attempt on Elisonda, and had to retreat before Mina, who came up with overwhelming numbers. At last, on the 14th of February, he brought a siege to a successful close, and entered Los Arcos. There he captured an hospital, 600 muskets, four guns, and a large magazine, and shot all the officers taken with arms in their hands. Some few days later he pounced on a convoy, and sustained a harsh repulse. Without a pause, he dashed straight from the field towards the Bastan, whither Mina was leading 5,000 men. The latter had a long start, but Zumalacarreguy managed to head him, and took up one of his favourite positions in a narrow gorge, half way up the valley. A fierce fight ensued, for here Greek met Greek. Mina forced his way through, but he lost all his cavalry. The Government poured reinforcements into the country, until their army mustered 60,000 men; but the Carlist captain pursued his course unchecked. Aided by the guns captured at Los Arcos, he took Arenas, a post which Rodil had fortified in the centre of the Borunda. Here he found four more guns, and the garrison to a man entered his ranks. In revenge for this success, Mina bayoneted forty wounded Carl-

ists in one place and twenty in another, besides shooting one in every five of the male inhabitants of villages who had been employed in the transport of the Carlist artillery. He had, however, the generosity to restore his child to Zumalacarreguy, of whom, indeed, he always spoke in unqualified praise. "That man," he was accustomed to remark, "would make soldiers out of the very trees." On the 24th of March, the Carlist intercepted a body of new troops, 6,000 in number, near Los Arcos. The affair that ensued was well disputed, and lasted two days, the Christinos being finally defeated, with the loss of their general and 1,600 men. Next day the unwearied chief was across the Amescuas, attacking Maestu, another of Rodil's fortifications. 10,000 Christinos issued from Vittoria to its relief, and the assailant drew off, to swoop down again upon his prey the moment the column receded. He found, however, that the Liberals had saved him all further trouble there, by blowing up the works. It was now Mina's turn to be disgraced. He had won a great reputation in a great war, and against great captains; but though he had not suffered like Quesada and Rodil, he had clearly proved his inability to cope with such a man as Zumalacarreguy; so he too was recalled, and Valdez, the War Minister, took his place.

By this the Carlist army counted full 30,000 men, all good soldiers, and, artillery aside, all tolerably armed. But they were greatly hampered by the strong places and the difficulty of obtaining powder. The fortresses usually paralyzed one half of their strength; indeed, were it not for them they would have closed the struggle triumphantly within the first year. And they were again and again checked in the moment of victory by the failure of ammunition. To conceal his deficiency in this essential, Zumalacarreguy was accustomed to delay the distribution of cartridges until the foe was in sight, and thus neither friend nor foe could tell with what insignificant provision he went into action. As to the support of this host: the country willingly provided rations, and its leader clothed and armed it from the Christino magazines, and paid it largely out of the Christino military chest. He gathered large sums, too, by way of contribution; and much money found its way into his hands from abroad—some from Italy and Austria, more from Russia and the Legitimists of France, but most of all from the other quarters of Spain, where the clergy especially were indefatigable in gathering funds for this, in their view, apostolic con-

test; though, had they known Zumalacarreguy, his broad views and great plans, and the reforms he contemplated in Spain, they would hardly have been so enthusiastic in his cause. The country where he fought was not so wasted as might have been supposed. Indeed, contrary to the received opinion, the seat of war usually gains in point of wealth, unless when victory is directed by chiefs like Napoleon, Attila, and Wallenstein, who make the miserable people support the strife that whirls across their fields. But Napoleons, Attilas, and Wallensteins are exceptional leaders. Modern hostilities are conducted on another plan than theirs; the combatants bleed even more in purse than in person; and while their bodies fatten the soil on which they strive, their money generally goes to swell the pockets of the natives. So it was in Holland during the forty years' war with Spain; so it was in France during the contests of the League; and so to a great extent it was at this period in Biscay and Navarre, whither all the wealth of Spain flowed in a steady current, until the treason of Marolta, the incapacity of Don Carlos, and the wish of many of his chiefs to enjoy their gains, put an end to the strife.

Valdez was brave and skilful, and not less generous and humane. He alone of all the Christino chiefs hitherto had dared to show mercy to the vanquished. He had been known to place the Carlist prisoners in situations that facilitated escape, and he had repeatedly filled the pockets of their wounded out of his own wealth, and sent them to their homes. But he, too, had been perverted by the strife, and he resumed the command bent on exterminating the enemy. In his case this fell resolve was the result of deliberate reasoning, and not in any particular of passion. Thus, and thus only, did he consider that the Carlists were to be vanquished. And fortifying his reluctant heart by the cruel examples of history, he made up his mind to play the demon to the uttermost. "Submit within fifteen days," said his proclamation to the insurgents, "or I give your population to fire and sword. The measure is a painful one, but sentiment must give way to the national welfare: the burning of Moscow saved Russia. To you then I bring peace, or *Extermination*—make your choice." But the mountaineers saw another and a brighter alternative, and continued the strife.

Valdez reached Vittoria on the 16th of April; his proclamation came out on the 17th; and on the 18th he started with

9,000 men to slaughter, burn, and destroy in the Amescoas. Zumalacarreguy was then in Guipuscoa, where the news quickly reached him, and rousing his nearest battalions, he rushed at speed through the pass of Lecumberri in the midst of a storm of sleet, and came up with Valdez near Eulate, in the centre of the Amescoas, after a forty miles' march through the mountains. The Christino chief was amazed. Not feeling himself sufficiently strong to face these iron bands he retreated at once, and, thanks to the weariness of his opponents, without much loss. By this time, however, several divisions had concentrated at Vittoria in obedience to his orders, and leaving a powerful garrison behind him he marched again on the 20th for the Amescoas at the head of 18,000 men.

The Borunda divides the Pyrenees of Guipuscoa from the Sierra de Andia. The latter is a double chain running east from the plains of Vittoria for twenty-five or thirty miles, to the neighbourhood of Pampeluna; there it turns sharply to the south for fifteen or twenty miles, and ends abruptly near Estella. Between these ridges lie the gorges called the Amescoas — the lower stretching east and west, the upper north and south. These ravines abound in strong posts, and are connected and entered by unusually difficult passes. Southward and eastward to within a few miles of the Ebro lie numerous other broad ridges and narrow gorges — the whole wilderness, for such it is, being known as the Amescoas. Valdez entered the valley, and the people took to the crags with all they could carry off, for whatever was left behind was devoted to destruction. Zumalacarreguy threw out some of his battalions to worry the front and flank of the invading column, while with the others he closed up the rear. The Christinos moved on through the valley in a single dense mass, burning the villages and shooting the people and the cattle indiscriminately as they passed along, but not with impunity. Grey boulders, gnarled roots, and thickets covered the declivities, and every one of them spouted fire and death on the destroyers. There were countless impediments in the way, and every mile took an hour to cover: so the night fell long before Valdez had cleared the lower Amescoa. He dared not pass the hours of darkness in the gorge: so he climbed the ridge and bivouacked there miserably, for the wind was bitterly cold, and in the confusion of the ascent the Carlists had captured all

the sumpter mules. By daybreak the column was again in motion, still burning and destroying, and harassed, if possible, even more than yesterday. Stragglers fell off at every step from weariness and wounds, for none dared plunder, and every one died.

The second night came, and again the Christinos climbed the ridge, but not to rest. The sleet fell ceaselessly on their unsheltered heads, and a swarm of busy partidas compelled them to stand to their arms till morning. Then the only thought in their famishing ranks was how to escape. Estella was only five miles off; but five such miles! The Borunda, terrible as it was, was a jest to the path that led thither. That path, however, must be attempted; for as to retracing the march, another day in these uplands would have destroyed the army. From the heights where they stood a goat-path led down between precipitous cliffs, and Zumalacarreguy with 800 men lined a copse at the bottom. Behind the latter for half a mile the narrow pass descended rapidly between a roaring torrent on the one side and a wall of rock 500 feet high on the other. Valdez brought his guns to the verge of the cliff, and under cover of their fire flung his van to the assault. But the Carlists kept their ground relentlessly. Again and again, and still again, the Christinos rushed down the hill, but always to be thrust back by the fire and steel of the foe. Thus four hours dragged along. Then Zumalacarreguy's ammunition began to fail, and he strained his ears to hear the volleys of his main body in the rear of the Christinos. But they rang not yet; for the mountain was hard to climb and difficult to traverse. At last a leading officer of the Carlists was struck and fell, some slight confusion followed and suspended the fire, and before it could be renewed 4,000 men had forced the descent. Valdez was saved, by a hair's-breadth, for at that instant the Carlists in the rear came up, and their heavy fire began to smite his ranks. The fight was now a curious one. Valdez was fiercely driving Zumalacarreguy, and Gomez, Ituralde, and Erazo were still more fiercely driving Valdez down the frightful gorge. The Carlists in the van were in great danger, and their chief confessed it in characteristic form: he dismounted and sent away his horse. The rushing mass behind threatened to overwhelm him every moment. But not a man in his ranks faltered. Inch by inch he gave way before the pressure, checking its fury every few minutes with a close volley and the

bayonet. At last the defile was cleared, the Carlists opened to the right and left, and the flying host dashed through, scattering their arms on all sides, and racing at the top of their speed towards Estella; but not quite quick enough. The Carlist bullets smote them down in heaps up to the very gates. For miles the road was covered with weapons and accoutrements, Zumalacarreguy gathering enough to equip 4,000 recruits. Valdez lost all his baggage and 3,000 men, of whom only eighty were prisoners. And had the foe not failed of ammunition, himself and his whole army would have been among the things of the past.

The Carlists followed up this great victory with several minor ones. Among others, Gomez beat Espartero and destroyed 500 of his men in Biscay; and Cuevillas and Elia defeated Oraa, with the loss of 1,000, in the Bastan. And these triumphs must have been all the more gratifying to the victors since they were unstained by the slaughter of their prisoners; for by this time the efforts of France and England to stay this atrocious system of war had attained success, and the Elliot convention had come into operation, much against the will of many leading Liberals, but just in time to stave off the vengeance which some of them had right well deserved.

The Christinos shut themselves up in the fortresses, which were immediately blockaded by the Carlists. Zumalacarreguy attacked the smaller posts, hoping thus to win artillery sufficient to enable him to master the larger ones. Treviso, five miles from Vittoria, was carried first, and Villafranca, in Guipuscoa, was invested next. Espartero sallied from Bilbao with 7,000 men to relieve it. He dreamt of surprising the besieging force, and set out one stormy night,—to be utterly surprised himself. Zumalacarreguy, as usual, had penetrated the project of his antagonist, and taken the necessary precautions. Accordingly, while the Christinos were marching along the Descarga heights in

the darkness and the rain, the head of their column was suddenly assailed by Eraso, and rolled back on the rear. All was instantly confusion in their ranks, and though they ran fast enough, 1,800 of them were made prisoners. Villafranca, with 1,300 men and large magazines, surrendered next day. Bergara, Eybar, and a number of other places followed the example, and Tolosa, Durango, and Salvatierra were abandoned. The Christinos were utterly demoralized, and had no hope left but foreign intervention. Zumalacarreguy looked round on his followers, now 40,000 strong, and worth three times the number of Liberals. There was nothing but enthusiasm in his ranks, and nought but apprehension among the foe. He was satisfied. The longed-for hour had struck. "Now," said he, "now for Madrid."

It was not to be. The Prince shrank from the daring march, and commanded the hero to invest Bilbao. He obeyed; but from that instant the shadow of death darkened over him. "He looks as if he were going to a funeral," remarked the men, struck by the unwonted gloom. And, alas! the impression conveyed by his features was not belied. Shortly after the siege opened, a musket-shot, evidently discharged at random, struck him in the leg. With anybody else, the wound might have been severe perhaps, but not at all dangerous. His restless spirit, however, could not brook the confinement of a sick-bed. He chafed and fretted himself into a fever, and in a week he was no more. He died on the 23rd of June, 1835, leaving a gallant army and splendid hopes to his Prince, and his horse, his sword, and 48*l.* in gold to his family. "As a partisan, I rejoice," said Mina, on hearing of the catastrophe; "but as a Spaniard, I must weep. My country has lost a man for whose like she may long look in vain." High and merited praise was this, but not exactly correct. For, as we remarked at the outset, Spain is always reproducing Viriatus, that is—ZUMALACARREGUY.

The Venation of Hawthorns.—In a paper read before the Microscopical Section of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society (Nov. 7), Mr. Charles Bailey says:—"It is not a little remarkable that there is one peculiarity in the venation of the hawthorns which is invariably overlooked by the draughtsman and engraver,

viz. the direction of the secondary nerves, which proceed from the midrib to the base of each sinus; such an arrangement is very rare, being found only in some other species of *Crataegus*, as *C. Azarolus*, &c., in species of *Fagus*, and a few other plants."

From Good Words.

HUGH MILLER.*

THE Cromarty stonemason whose name is inseparably identified with the Old Red Sandstone, and who was for a long period editor of the *Witness*, is perhaps as good an illustration as recent days present of the peculiar mixture of elements in the Scotch character. Intensely ideal, he was yet plodding, patient, irrepressible; almost the slave of his principles, he yet held at his heart the germ of a large tolerance, only possible through the strictest severity with himself. He was content to live like the meanest of hodmen, even when facts no longer gave the lie to his aspirations; and when an assured eminence prophesied itself in mutterings of praise around him, and among his own people, he yet had no hankering; after premature escape from the manual labour of his trade. He thus gathered up in his own character and life that which is best and most worthy in his nation. He was concentrated and intense in his affections; and yet his emotions at no time mastered him. Untouched before by any the least hint of the lover's passion, he met a lady of birth and education—Miss Mackenzie-Fraser—and his heart was taken captive, never to be thenceforth vagrant. Although the lady's mother objected to any union till Hugh had risen in the social scale, the flame of his devotion continued to burn pure and steadfast. He would not do despite to his own love by asking a woman well nurtured to wrong herself by descending, and alienating her friends; he must wait, and he must rise; and yet it never occurred to him to seek a means of rising in life by any merely money-making process. He had faith in himself and in his literary gifts; and yet he was careful not to abandon rashly that by which he could earn his bread. Hugh's love story—one of the purest and most beautiful—proves that to the true man obstacles are no real evil, and that honest, sterling self-devotion is surely its own reward.

Hugh Miller mingled simplicity—the massive single simplicity of the olden days—with the shrewdest sagacity. He estimated himself and his productions with the justest insight; and yet calmly relinquished poetry for prose, when his eyes were opened to a great object in life. From first to last he wrote letters to his friends which, for fine proportionate

thought, child-like purity, and confiding tenderness, almost stand alone, and at the same time he approved himself a singularly shrewd man of business. When accountant in the bank at Cromarty—an appointment which was not solicited by him, but sought out for him by his friends and offered to him with the delicacy which was indispensable to success in any such proffer of help—was he not uniformly right in prophesying “failures,” only antedating the time because he scarcely made full allowance for the daring shifts to which men in such a predicament are apt to have recourse? To the merely casual observer, Hugh Miller would have seemed one of the most stolid and self-possessed of men; he was in reality one of the most sensitive, imaginative, and finely-grained. He had his full share of that despondency and self-depreciation which is the heritage of superior natures; but, till that fatal moment when his mind lost its true balance, he ruled himself like a king. The vein of the Celtic nature which ran like a silver thread through his temperament, softening what else might have seemed hard and ungainly, gave the finishing touch to his character, adding to it a chivalrous delicacy and grace—the delicacy and grace which are always found combined with simplicity, and which impart a sort of dignity even to ungainliness. What could be finer—out of poems and romances—than the picture of rough red-haired Hugh, full of high hopes and literary ambitions just pluming themselves like young birds for flight, proceeding to build with his own hands, the moment his apprenticeship as stonemason expires, a comfortable dwelling for his old aunt Jenny, on a portion of the only little bit of earth that he could call his own? Here we have the poetic tenderness, the graceful clinging to kindred, which are truly Celtic, combined with the resolution, independence, and self-repressing helpfulness which are as characteristic of the Lowland nature.

But Hugh had the defects of this Celtic quality, too, in fullest measure. He was by constitution superstitious and fearful of the future; and as in all such natures, there was mixed with generosity and firmness of attachment large possibilities of morbid suspicion. The circumstances of his childhood were such as to confirm this tendency. His mother was early left a widow by the strong sea-faring husband being lost in his own sloop at sea during a storm. A woman of impressible imagination, and with but little reflection, she

* The “Life and Letters of Hugh Miller” By Peter Bayne, M.A. Two Vols., demy 8vo. Strahan & Co.

filled the boy's mind with weird Celtic stories, interjecting into the tenderest parts of his nature the troublesome ferment of superstitious fears. Along with this, he had inherited the stolid, slow, reluctant scepticism of the Scotch nature; and these two—his poetic instinct for beauty and for art, and his hunger for logical completeness and perfect satisfaction—were chiefly what overwhelmed him. Science could never be to this man a mere process of observation and experiment; it must be wedded with poetry. The two were not held in separation by him, and when he had escaped from the haunting shadows of scepticism into a somewhat closely defined dogmatic position, he found it needful to bring this position into harmony with his science and his poetry. He fought bravely, none could well have fought more bravely, to find a reconciling point for what appeared conflicting phases of truth; but the instrument he used for the purpose was double-edged, and revealed to himself, if it did not to others, cuts and wounds inflicted by the back-stroke. Mr. Peter Bayne, who has told Hugh Miller's story with fullest sympathy and in the liveliest, most picturesque style, very significantly writes:—"A sustained intensity of mental vision, a creative power of phantasy, characterized Miller to the last. Not powerful enough to overbear or to pervert the scientific instinct with which it was associated, it had a pervasive influence on his mental operations." To this we are indebted for the subtle atmosphere, the wonderful chiming sweetness of Miller's style, which is like the sound of bells heard clearly over reaches of still water. The truth is that, while Hugh had fine observation and rare reflective faculties, imagination was so predominant in him that he was fearful of trusting himself to it, perfectly free and anchorless. But it *would* assert itself, and has made his more ambitious scientific works, after all, poems rather than treatises. Where the intellect was doubtful of itself, the imagination stepped in with its suggestions; and thus we often have art in place of severe scientific deduction. The incapacity to distinguish clearly between objective reality and the reality of imagined vision, which Mr. Bayne observes had such prominence in Miller's early life, is noticeable also in some of his scientific works; and when he ventures on the almost epical experiment of representing the process of creation under the similitude of a vision, we see him for a moment conscious of a mental condition or tendency, which however was

most powerfully pervasive when he was unconscious of it, or struggling against it.

But interesting as Hugh Miller is when viewed as the geologist, he is far more so when viewed as the man. His geology may sometimes be at fault, his life seldom was. Its strata are regular, and its classification of events are, beyond those of the lives of most self-made men, charged with interest and instruction.

His father, as we have said, was a seaman, and perished in his own sloop while Hugh was but a child, leaving him and two sisters to the care of his mother and her two brothers, "Uncle Sandy" and "Uncle James." He was a bold, ungovernable boy, and would not learn so long as learning was forced upon him as a task. But if he could not settle to con the lessons marked out for him by the "dominie," he made good use of his eyes, even when playing truant for weeks. He had learned all about the habits of birds and beasts, about trees, and about the living things of the sea-shore, before he had made much progress as a scholar. He had, however, early discovered that print opens a door into a world of mystery and beauty, and he was no laggard in reading what suited his taste. After he left school with the character of a dunce, he devoured whatever books came in his way. The store was limited, and perhaps that was fortunate for him. It whetted his appetite, which might have been sated by excess. He began to write poetry at an early age, and had produced long poems before he was apprenticed as a stonemason to old David Wright, one of his uncles. Old David, by the way, was a character. "The man who, standing on the thwarts of his boat, which had just sunk, the sea-water being at the moment up to his throat, could so accurately appreciate the points of the situation, and retain so clear a perception of the thing to be done, as to say, on seeing his snuff-box floating off, 'Od, Andro man, just rax (reach) out your hand and tak' in my snuff-box,' must have had an enviable firmness of nerve and quietness of self-possession." And doubtless the bold ungovernable boy, Hugh, learned more from old David than mere mechanical stone-cutting. David, at any rate, had nothing to say of his apprentice but praise.

It is surely characteristic of Hugh, that when his friends, at length seeing promise of decidedly superior faculties, counselled him to be a "minister," he would not hear of it. "He had observed that 'Cousin George,' who is a mason, though hard-worked during several months of the year,

had the months of winter to himself. This decided him in favour of the trade of mason." All this, while the thought of rising to something in literature was nestling in a corner of his heart, shedding fragrance round his life; but he wished to prove to his relatives that he was able to do his day's work, and he did it without word of complaint, though at first his body was sadly strained and pained. When working from home he had often to put up with most uncongenial lodgings and companions. But he could hold converse with his books; though, strangely enough, he owned to a temptation to dram-drinking, which he sternly overcame, warned by the fact of his being unable to read his favourite, Bacon, on coming home one day from the laying of a foundation-stone, where he had taken a glass of whisky. The letters danced before his eyes, he says. He took a resolution, and, with true Scotch self-restraint, never fell into the same mistake again, finding genial company by dint of friendly letter-writing.

Nothing could well be more interesting or beautiful than Hugh's relations with a group of young men during the earlier period of his manhood. His correspondence with them was his first school in composition. And certainly the letters that passed between these young companions are anything but ordinary letters. William Ross was perhaps the most noteworthy of the band, and his story is most tender and affecting. The delicate, oversensitive young house-painter, labouring under the oppressive thoughts of inevitable consumption, toils for a dying fellow-workman and nurses him like a sister, sacrifices everything for the sake of independence, and sinks under the stress of his efforts, his great gifts unknown save to one or two of his young friends. He could write thus elegantly to his friend Hugh:—"Your drawings have but little merit, nor can I regard them even as works of promise; neither by any means do you write good verses. And why, do you think, do I tell you so?—only to direct your studies to their proper object. You draw ill because nature never intended that you should do otherwise, whereas you write ill only because you write seldom. You are possessed of talents which, with due culture, will enable you to attain no common command of the pen; for you are an original thinker, your mind is richly imbued with poetry, and though devoid of a musical ear, you have from nature something much better—that perception of the harmonies of language which is essential to the

formation of a good and elegant style." The following passage gives a tender glimpse into William Ross's heart—a noble heart indeed, or Hugh Miller had scarcely been so perfectly at home in it. Ross remarks that all who know him think well of him, but he proceeds to account for the fact in this way:—"All those men only see me in part, and (for such is the nature of all earthly things when viewed from a distance) what they do see of me appears other than what it is. The clouds which so gloriously encircle the setting sun, and whose beauty in description no comparison can heighten, are but wreaths of watery vapour; the distant hill, though its azure hue vies in depth and beauty with that of the cloudless firmament, is a mass of rock and earth, half-covered with a stunted vegetation. What am I in reality? what is my heart?—a cold vicious thing, devoid of energy, affection, and peace." Miller could not help being much indebted to one who could see so clearly and couch his thoughts so elegantly, and with such a gracious setting of imaginative light. Hugh mourned Ross's death, as one would that of a dearly-loved younger brother.

But, amid all his hunger for the self-culture which he sought so assiduously from reading and letter-writing, Hugh did not assume any of the interesting weakness and helplessness which poetic youths are so apt to affect. The following passage gives a pleasant glimpse of him as strong and manly, and able enough to hold his own against his rough fellow-workmen:—

"I came here" (to Gairloch) "about a month ago, after a delightful journey of two days from Conon-side, from whence I had been despatched by my employer with another mason lad, and a comical fellow, a carter, to procure materials for the building. Though the youngest of the party, I am entrusted with the charge of the others, in consideration of my great gravity and wonderful command of the pen; but, as far as the carter is concerned, the charge is truly a woful one. He bullies, and swears, and steals, and tells lies, and cares for nobody. *I am stronger, however, and more active than he, and must give him a beating, when I have recovered my lameness, to make my commission good.* My comrade, the mason, and I have been living in a state of warfare with him ever since we came here. On the morning we set out from Conon-side he left us to drive his cart, and went to Dingwall, where he loitered and got drunk. We, in turn, after wait-

ing for him for two long hours at the village of Contin, drove away, leaving him to follow on foot as he best might, for at least thirty miles; and he has not yet forgiven us the trick."

The reader will notice here the severe eye for duty, the naive appreciation of the possibility of some rough goodness in the carter after all, and the queer humour which breaks through the whole description. Hugh feels that he must beat the carter as much for self-satisfaction in the discharge of duty as for any hope of real reformation. A truly Scottish touch! And this picture of Loch Maree, thrown off carelessly at the same moment by the pen that presented the carter so suggestively to the imagination, shows already a dainty airiness of style and picturesque sharpness of outline which many a practised *littérateur* might envy:—

"The day had become clear and pleasant; but the voice of a bird was not to be heard in this dismal place, nor sheep nor goat to be seen among the cliffs. I wish my favourite John Bunyan had passed a night in it at the season when the heath-fires of the shepherds are flaming on the heights above, were it but to enable him to impart more tangibility to the hills which border the dark valley of the shadow of death. Through the gloomy vista of the ravine a little paradise seemed opening before us—a paradise like that which Mirza contemplated from the heights of Bagdad, of smooth water and green islands. 'There,' said my comrade, 'is Loch Maree.' I have already fatigued you with description; but I must attempt one picture more. Imagine a smooth expanse of water stretching out before us for at least eighteen miles, and bordered on both sides by lofty mountains—abrupt, precipitous, and pressing on one another like men in a crowd. On the eastern shore they rise so suddenly from the water, that the eye passes over them mile after mile without resting on a single spot where a boat might land; on the west, their bases are fringed by a broken, irregular plain, partially covered by a fir-wood. At the higher end of the lake two mountains, loftier and more inaccessible than any of the others, shoot up on either hand as if to the middle sky, and we see large patches of snow still resting on their summits—gleaming like the banners of a fortress to tell us that they are strongholds held by the spirits of winter—and from whence they are to descend, a few months hence, to ravage the country below. From one of these mountains there descended two

small streams, which falling from rock to rock, leaped into the lake over the lower precipice, and whitened into foam by the steepness of their course, reminded me, as they hurried through the long heath, then in blossom, of strips of ermine on a cloak of purple. Towards the north, the islands seem crowded together like a flock of waterfowl. They vary in character, some barren and heathy, others fertile and tufted with wood. On the largest, which is of the better and more pleasing description, and bears, by way of distinction, the name of the lake, there is an ancient burying-ground, and, as I have heard said, a Druid or Runic monument. I would fain have landed on it; but night was fast coming on, and, *besides, my time was my employer's, not my own.*

"At the lower end of the lake we encountered a large boat full of people. A piper stood in the bows, and the wild notes of his bagpipe, softened by distance and multiplied by the echoes of the mountains, formed a music that suited well with the character of the scene. 'It is a wedding party,' said my comrade: 'they are going to that white house which you see at the foot of the hill. I wish you understood Gaelic! The boatmen are telling me strange stories of the loch that I know would delight you. Do you see that little green island that lies off about half a mile to the right? The boldest Highlander in the country would hesitate to land there an hour after sunset. It is said to be haunted by wraiths and fairies, and every variety of land and water spirit. Directly in the middle of it there is a little lake, in the lake an island, and on the island a tree, beneath which the queen of the fairies holds her court. What would you not give to see her? Night came on before we got landed; and we lost sight of the little lake while yet sailing upon it. Is it not strange, that with all its beauty, it should be so little known?'"

Hugh, in the midst of his hard toil and unsympathetic associates, found materials wherewith to store his memory and imagination; and thus built up his being, delicately and bravely, to its full stature. By-and-by he gets a sight of Edinburgh, which stirs his imagination. He works near it for some time in building Niddrie-house, where he has trials manifold with dissolute fellow-workmen. These experiences caused thoughts which always recurred to him whenever he had to do with the Poor Law or kindred topics.

Returning to Cromarty, he was as assiduous as ever in study, composed poems of

yet more ambitious cast, and maintained his old delight in letter-writing. To his friend Swanson he confided sufficient of his spiritual condition to justify that friend in advising with him on the subject. Miller was sad, despondent, sceptical; and Swanson's letters, albeit somewhat dogmatic and self-assured, were full of sympathy, and did Hugh good. But he was inclined to rely too much upon the aid of the reason, which he had to confess is by itself inadequate to bring peace to the soul. The earnest preaching of the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Cromarty—a man of lofty mind and vivid imagination, though unambitious and retiring—supplied what was wanting, and compelled Hugh to close with the Gospel truths in simplicity and faith. Writing to William Ross, he says:—"Christianity is not the cunningly-devised fable I once thought it. There is a Saviour, and he who believes upon Him with that true, earnest belief which conquereth evil, shall, for the sake of the sufferings of that Saviour, have his sins forgiven him; and, for the sake of His righteousness, be rewarded. I once thought this an absurd doctrine; now, though I have more experience of men and things than I ever had before, and though my reason has strengthened, and is, I hope, still strengthening, I can regard it as a wonderful display of the wisdom of God." Once having got full sight of the truth of the Gospel, Miller never wavered. But he did not obtrude his belief; for here, as in all more interior experiences, he was shy of giving confidences; yet he was pretty much of the stuff martyrs are made of, and would have sacrificed grandly for what he conceived to be his duty in regard to the truth that had brought harmony into his nature. Henceforth he held that "the Christian is the highest style of man," and had ever before him the loftiest ideal. But he did not see why Christianity should stifle or starve any of man's natural faculties. Nay, he believed that it should stir up all right gifts to fuller power and freer exercise for the good of others. Even his ideas of patriotism evidently underwent a change at this period. The lesson of "Blind Harry"—the Scottish Homer—took a new tinge in his ripper mind, like a cloud in the evening sky of summer. Hereafter he was never tired of repeating that the only true cosmopolitanism is Christianized patriotism. The narrow, isolated, selfish love of country he now condemned, as he had always condemned the "selfish philosophy." He projected bolder schemes than ever; and his faculties

seemed to play round a wider circle, and with more of buoyant joyfulness.

An important point in Miller's life was his visit to Inverness, where he printed his volume of "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Stonemason," and made the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Caruthers, editor of the *Courier*, who proved a valuable counsellor to the young mason. Happily, he was able to give a worthy man help without seeming to patronize him. Miller contributed to the *Courier* his letters on the "Herring Fishery," which excited a more than local interest, on account of their true poetic spirit, their picturesqueness, shrewdness, and vigour. His contributions to this journal, which only vaguely hint of the scientific bent which came out so strongly afterwards, drew to him friends here and there throughout Scotland. Noticeable among these were Principal Baird and Miss Dunbar of Boath. Hugh's correspondence with this lady is unique. Well advanced in years, she writes to him with all the wisdom of a mother and the freshness of a girl, desiring much to see tokens of the recognition of his worth by the public, and avowing a subdued delight in the very sight of his "Scenes and Legends," when the shadow that "keeps the keys of all the creeds" was putting forth a cold pale hand towards her as she waited in hope. As for Miller, he bore himself towards her with a shy freedom and graceful trustfulness which are very beautiful. To her he unveiled more of his heart than almost to any other. The delicate way in which Miss Dunbar proffered money help, and the as delicate way in which Hugh declined it, were honourable alike to the judgment and the heart of both.

Going back to Cromarty, Hugh was reluctantly drawn into local politics, and began to be recognized as a power. Of more interest still was his meeting with Lydia Fraser, and the characteristic manner in which he bore himself in face of what threatened to prove a permanent obstacle to their union. There can be no doubt that his lengthened correspondence with her brought out the staid, strong man's capabilities of tenderness and sympathy with quite new lustre. It were hard to say whether, in all that constitutes excellence in the epistolary art, the letters to Miss Dunbar or those to Miss Fraser are the best. Both series excel in freshness and freedom, and in spontaneous communication of the writer's personality, which yet never once verges on oppressive egotism or crude self-assertion.

Relieving his heavier labours by the cut-

ting of inscriptions on tombstones, he has still a little time, in his thirty-first year, to devote to assisting his friend, Mr. George Anderson, in collecting geological specimens; "some of which are exceedingly curious, for they contain the petrified remains of animals that now no longer exist except in a fossil state." Hereafter his chief pleasure was in science. He was an indefatigable investigator; and the results of his inquiries were given to the world in several volumes, which are almost unapproachable for style, fancy, imagination, and eloquence. There are few reading people but know something of the "Old Red Sandstone," "The Footprints of the Creator," and "The Testimony of the Rocks." Had it not been for his love affair, it is probable that he would have written less, and in a more limited range. "Profoundly imbued as he was with the ambition of self-culture, and loving praise with the ardour of a born literary man, he was nevertheless firmly persuaded that in the rank of mason, in the town of Cromarty, he could enjoy as much happiness as it was possible for him to enjoy on earth. He would ply the mallet in the summer days; he would owe no man a sixpence; he would read his favourite books in the evenings of June and the short days of December; he would train himself to ever-increasing vigour and grace of style, and would write with the freshness and enthusiasm of one to whom literature was its own reward."

But his attachment to Miss Fraser disturbed all these schemes. His friends interested themselves on his behalf, and he became accountant in the bank at Cromarty, an office whose duties he discharged for fully five years with the utmost skill and aptitude. He was married in 1837, after a courtship of six years. As bank-clerk he found himself less productive, in a literary respect, than he had been when labouring hard as a mason. He did a good deal of work as a geologist, however, and corresponded with some of the leading men in that department of science. But what soon became the chief interest to him now was the conflict within the National Church, growing year by year more eager and intense, until it finally issued in the "Disruption." The patriotic spirit which led him to regard complete spiritual independence, as he conceived it, on the part of the Church as indispensable even to the maintenance of true political freedom, made him, like many others, throw himself warmly and proudly into the battle. Self-doubtful and humble, he yet

could estimate his own strength aright; and, although slow to strike for his own cause, it only needed the incitement of patriotic purpose to arm him and send him forth as the sturdiest of fighters. Miller was thenceforth the champion of Free Church principles. But he never had sympathy with extreme Voluntarism, holding firmly by the theory of the State Church, in common with all the earliest of the Scotch Dissenters. Lord Brougham, in speaking in the House of Lords on the famous Auchterarder case, declared emphatically that the Presbytery had acted illegally in refusing to induct Mr. Robert Young to the charge to which he had been presented by the patron, and that the right of Scottish congregations to choose their own pastors was a mere figment in the eye of the law. This gave Miller a point from which to start; and, warming to his work, he produced one of the most fervent of ecclesiastical pamphlets. The eyes of the Free Church party were at once turned towards him, and in 1839 he proceeded to Edinburgh to edit the *Witness*. How he fulfilled that work, how faithfully he laboured to disseminate his ideas of spiritual freedom, and how much he did to unite and give stability to his party, at the same time conferring dignity and literary character upon newspaper writing, was universally felt and acknowledged, so long as the associations of the great strife were fresh enough to close the eyes of those who had been active in it to small personal antipathies. But as years went on, changes of view and dissensions gradually sprang up amongst those who had once fought shoulder to shoulder; and Miller, shy, slow to speak and patient to bear, yet frank and blunt, and without a touch of diplomatic *finesse* in his composition, fell, to some extent at least, a victim to miserable misunderstandings. All this Mr. Bayne tells with simplicity and sympathy. On these years we will not dwell; but when reading of the last stages of Hugh Miller's life, one is compelled to think of Miss Dunbar's prescient warning, once seriously given to him, to have nothing to do with parties, and to wonder whether, with that subtle instinct for character which distinguished her, the good old lady saw that Miller, with his unselfish generosity, his straightforwardness and intensity of character, in which there was no trace of cunning or aptitude for intrigue, was certain, sooner or later, to be dashed on the rocks, if he ever ventured in the stormy waters. We cannot tell. But circumstances proved too much for his modest,

yet ardent, sensitive nature, and he died a most touching, tragic death.

Both in science and literature Hugh Miller made a mark that will remain; and Edinburgh will long cherish the picture of the tall, big-boned, sandy-haired man, with the frank, grey, pensive eyes, and the

strong broad forehead and bushy eyebrows, who used to pace her streets with thoughtful, stooping gait, in most careless garb; and who was regarded by the ingenuous youth, to whom he was often pointed out, with a mixture of strange curiosity and reverence.

The Zodiacal Light.—CLOSELY associated with the subject of the corona, the zodiacal light has received of late considerable degree of attention. In a long paper on the subject in the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr. Proctor discusses the various theories which have been propounded respecting this object. He remarks that the geometrical considerations applicable to the zodiacal light are too definite to admit of question—in other words, the path to be followed in seeking for a theory of the object is unmistakable; but he considers that hitherto this path has not been traced out far enough, “the perplexities which presently surround us as we follow it having seemed, perhaps, to render further research hopeless.” The very difficulties of the subject, however, tend to render the rejection of erroneous theories more certain, and therefore must cause the theory to admit of the more satisfactory demonstration. He then proceeds to discuss the several theories. He points out first that the rising and setting of the zodiacal light, in a manner precisely corresponding with what would be observed if it were a distant object like a planet or star, at once disposes of the theory that the light comes from matter lying within the limits of the earth’s atmosphere. Such matter might seem, on a given occasion, to rise or set according to such a law, precisely as a balloon might seem to follow the motion of the setting sun; but only by a singular accident, and not systematically. Again, the theory that the light is due to a matter surrounding the earth is disposed of by the fact that the gleam shows no appreciable parallax displacement, as seen from different parts of the earth. Such a ring, if far off, would form always an all but complete arc of light, from the eastern to the western horizon; the shadow of the moon only appearing as a relatively narrow dark rift across the brightest part of the gleam. And if the ring were close by, it would be invisible in moderately high latitudes. Passing to cosmical theories, Mr. Proctor shows that the zodiacal light cannot be due to the existence of a disc of bodies, travelling in orbits of small eccentricity around the sun; for in that case the luminosity of the gleam would be more constant, and its position more fixed, than is actually the case. Nor can the appearance, and changes of appearance, of the zodiacal light be accounted for by the existence of bodies travelling in orbits of

considerable eccentricity, so long as the whole of each orbit lies relatively close by the sun. “We are thus led to the conclusion,” he adds, “that the bodies composing the zodiacal light travel on orbits of considerable eccentricity, carrying them far beyond the limits of what may be called the zodiacal disc. The constitution of the disc thus becomes variable, and that within limits which may be exceedingly wide. They must be so, in fact, if all the recorded variations of the zodiacal light are to be accounted for. In other words, it is requisite (if the evidence is to be explained) that the paths of the materials composing the zodiacal light should be not only for the most part very eccentric, but that along those paths the materials should not be strewn in such a way that a given portion of any path is at all times occupied by a constant or nearly constant quantity of matter.” According to this view, the constituents of the zodiacal light resemble very closely—at least, as respects distribution along their several paths, and the general figure of those paths—the meteoric systems which the earth traverses in the course of her motion around the sun. Mr. Proctor then proceeds to show in how many respects the results deducible from the theory accord with known facts respecting the zodiacal light, meteoric systems, comets, and the corona.

Beds of Bog-Iron.—At the meeting of the American Association, Professor A. Winchell presented a brief note on the above subject. It related to the occurrence of enormous beds of bog-iron in the upper peninsula of Michigan, on the tributaries of the Monistique river. It occurs in a half desiccated bog covering several townships. It is of remarkable purity, and of great but unknown depth. It lies directly in the track of the projected railroad, intended to connect the North Pacific railroad with the railroad system of Michigan. The ore can be floated down the Monistique and its tributaries, to Lake Michigan, in the immediate vicinity of an excellent harbour. This immense deposit is undoubtedly derived from the disintegration of the hematites and magnetites of the contiguous region on the West. The ore will possess great value for mixing with the other Lake Superior ores,

From Good Words.

THE DRESSMAKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

IN TWO PARTS. — II.

DID Aileen accept the state of things we have described, and wean her heart from its incipient affection? Ah, reader! hearts are supremely difficult of treatment. Obstinate and wayward when we seek to win them; most obstinate and wayward to be weaned. And the heart of this girl Aileen, so worthy to be wooed and won, with its eagerness, its purity, its gratitude, its idiosyncrasies, like tides of impulsive feeling, was it to be constrained by any course of treatment? Was hers the voice to say, with hope of quietude, "Peace, be still?" She did feel that a terrible conflagration might break out, from the little spark of her affection, to consume her heart and life, and she heaped on it all the weight of reason and of circumstances, hoping to extinguish it. She tried oftentimes, too, with her tears to cool and quench it — a bad, bad remedy, I tell you. Love is like heat in this at least — we do not understand it much, we cannot grasp it, and, in certain cases, it cannot be controlled. But, indeed, she believed that she had smothered it, that all that remained was the reasonable interest in this faithful friend which neither you nor I, much less she, could desire her to upgive or put away. "Nae, whilst I leave I'll aye bear him depth o' gratitude, store o' hairtfeelin', walth o' a' guidwill — but it's no love that I bear noo." It is well that she can say and think it. She is a woman of keen, clear intellect; but do you believe her? "Keep thy heart with all diligence," O reader; "for out of it are the issues of life."

We are in that April in which the father took that high-priced licence, twelve months and more after they had settled in the village. The sewing is not oppressive, because, you know, the purchasing of clothing is mostly deferred till the great money term, the approaching Whitsunday. But there is some sewing, and the girls know that they will be strained and pushed hardly enough when the term arrives. Brilliant sunshine waits not for the term, and there are glorious, balmy spring evenings, with soft western breezes. Yet has not Mr. Marshall proposed to the sisters a single walk this season. Since spring came round in assured geniality, he says he has been overworked, kept hard at figures and accounts, and it seems to be

the fact. Well, quiescent hearts long not for rambles, perhaps think it well that they should not gad about, find comfort in the fact they see — he goes to work at his office hours punctually. He is never to be seen idle in the square or highway. Be still, O heart, that longs for the green trees budding, for the lark's wild song. Is he not shut up from them also? And what were the distant greenwood, the loving lark songs, unless he were there? Aileen bears the confinement of the winter thus prolonged into the sunny days, calmly at least. Annabel, the quiet, had enough to do with her work.

The evening sun goes down in the west, of course, here as elsewhere, but here it throws the shadow of Benaldie, in long projection, over the north side of the village square, whose eastern angle is lighted up with the setting splendour of the orb of day. The bright spot looks even weirdly dazzling from the contiguity of shade. Aileen pauses in her stitching at the window to look into the shewn, at once so dazzling and so tender. That dingy warehouse, "the merchant's shop," glows in the golden sunset, an emporium of celestial beauty, where angels, not grimy men and women, might resort. Wearily she is staring at it, with idle needle the while, when, suddenly, out of the dark shade into the bright light come two figures, surely angelic they are, so graceful and bright, each the fitting companion and complement of the other. So graceful and bright they seem that they draw from Aileen an unconscious exclamation, "Oh!" Long-drawn and peculiar it is, and it brings Annabel to her side. "Marshall and Barbara Ross," said Annabel quietly. "I thought it was something extraordinary!"

Now Barbara Ross was "the merchant's" daughter, and he was a rich man and a worldly. He stood "high" in the community, and his daughter was "a young lady" of no small expectations. She had been educated in the south, at Edinburgh and London, it was said. She was no acquaintance of our poor dressmakers, for all her things were made either in the county town or further away. She dressed handsomely too, and was a girl fair to look upon. Aileen could hear her silvery laugh come softly through the shadows that lay between them, could hear faintly the clear tones of his voice. They were parting, parting gaily, happily, as if there was happiness in certainty of meeting again. He bowed, uncovering his head, an act of courtesy rarely to be seen in these parts, save when the ungrateful

rustic, with rude action, doffs his cap to his superior, the factor or other potent man of the Strath. In Aileen's eyes this ordinary courtesy of Marshall appears as the perfection of grace, as she sees it executed in that celestial sunlight from her little workroom, shabby and dingy, buried in the shade. You know that in long months by-past she thought that she had made herself mistress of her heart and her emotions, yet now is her chest oppressed, heaved with a breathing, protracted and broken, and at her heart was a sickening pain. Ah me! can this be a dead love, the thorns of which are so sharp to prick? Well, perhaps the thorns of your dead rose are more prompt to wound because there are no green leaves, no living flower to intercept them, even in part. She could not eat her bit of dry cake that night, when, her seam being laid down, she took some tea.

"Ailee, I'll boil an egg for ye," said Annabel, "ye scarce ait oucht at a'."

"I canna ait! Deed I dinna ken what is comin' ower me! Am no feelin' lik' masel!"

Can any one feel like herself, I wonder, whose heart is cut out and carried away, leaving only pain and hollowness where the fount of life should be?

They had no dainties wherewith to coax appetite. You know how much nice morsels will do to stimulate semblance of heart action. How could they have things which implied cost when they had so much to do to wipe off the debt contracted at their settlement there? They had paid their half-year's rent at Martinmas. Last Saturday they had paid to Mr. Marshall the last pound of the ten pounds' worth of furniture he had given to them. They had the Whitsunday term at hand, and rent to pay then. Other debts they had none; but to have lived and done so much inferred that the living must have been of the barest. It is wonderful on how little life can be supported, with how little some quiet show and appearance of the better things of life may be made to the world without.

But what was all the outward show, what the real success which had kept them and fed them and paid off their debts, when there was no heart for the work, only nimble fingers and a heated, weary brain to guide them? What is even the pleasure of that Saturday visit, when the factor comes calmly and as of duty, with no greater emotion than he bears about in the every-day life of him, certainly with little of that grace and brightness which

he puts on with Miss Ross? Indeed, life's yearnings are painful, its sickness great, its faintness frequent, when thus it sits in the cold shade, stitching much and eating barely, mainly feeling its own lovelessness, while sunshine and beauty and grace are abroad in the world. Aileen must prick her soul often in the silent stitching, I fear.

Yet it is good that he will come on Saturday evenings, evenings longed for, notwithstanding the unsubstantial pleasure they offer. You see that as she tells herself she is not in love, that she has put away all love from her, she feels free to long for those visits, finding some solace in them through his presence; now and again, some pain. She thinks the pain proof that she has conquered her love. Indeed, she will not own to herself that she ever loved this man. She would only have loved if she had not resolved that she must not.

He comes again, pleasant as ever, gayer than for many weeks. He has heard of an engagement in a far-off land, the manager-ship of a great estate and many men in one of the colonies, which will suit him, to which he hopes he shall be appointed. It will make life clear before him, make him a man of position and of promising fortune. Annabel is loud in her pleasure in his prospects, and shares his gaiety and his hopes. Aileen can scarcely wish him success.

"Come, I can sing to-night, Aileen. Let us do 'The Flowers of the Forest' together once again."

"I canna sing, Marshall," she said.

"I canna tell you, William, how dispirited and feeble she has been for weeks past. I don't know what to make o' her," said Annabel. "You maun take us tae walk."

"I maun take ye, Annabel; quite right, for I am bound to take you. I met Miss Ross the other night, and she asked me to a picnic on Benaladie. I said no, that I was under promise to go there with you two, and that with you I must go first. So, when shall it be?"

And this was what he had been saying in the bright light, this was what had pained and troubled her so sorely! How could she guess that in the bright sunshine he had withstood the appeal of the rich girl, and said her "nay," remembering them? Aileen will warm and thrill with emotion at this proof of his goodness. Now she can sing, for the warmth and light of his loving-kindness fall gently on and around her. But while she sung the mournful song in concert with him, to the

excitement of the occupiers of the premises above and below them, the utter hollowness of her happiness struck her, struck her as with blow of strength and rudeness, and she burst into tears.

He would comfort her with loving words, wounding and distressing her the more, causing her tears to flow faster. He thought she was really ill, and almost lost his presence of mind in his sympathy. Annabel urged him to let her alone. "She maun hae her cry, Marshall. She'll come round in a wee bit, if she's let cry hersel' oot."

How could it be that they did not guess her malady?

On May-day he went with them to the summit of Benaldie, and the rugged crag shed no shadow upon Aileen, although the sunshine was very brilliant. He waited upon her steps with tender assiduity, helped her up each steep part of the way, sat beside her resting in the sheltered nooks, gathered for each of them a posy of yellow primroses and harebells, violets and hyacinths wild, and fringed them round with the deer-grass green, and the posies were as rudely picturesque in colour as was the form of the rock from which they were gathered. This was to live again, this was to live and know a joy in life, and for the time she was radiant as the day itself, as gay as the wild birds that screamed or whistled in the crags, feeling as little as they the hollowness of life, the evanescence of sunshine.

Dreamily and exhausted she sunk down on the summit, on the mossy bank lipped round with out-cropping rock, gazing down and afar into the projected strath below, where the lively green of the corn was interspersed with wood clumps, and the meandering rivers flowed by rocky defile and by widespread pool through the rich land, and all things rejoiced in the glory of sunshine. Dreamily and exhausted she sat and saw it; dreamily and exhausted, too, she was happy in her soul's prospect, not defining it, for it was lost in the radiance around her, and the eye could not see for the light that oppressed it. She felt the landscape's richness and beauty, although no definite picture was given to her soul, felt it and was soothed and quieted and gladdened in the feeling of it. Woe is me, for it is but a Pisgah view of a land that her life shall not enter. She knows it not, and is happy in the present faith and hope, which are almost sight.

He had his pockets laden with comfits and choice little biscuits, had this good fellow, and he had also a great flask of

milk. In his country travels, which were frequent, he always carried this flask of milk, for he drank nothing stronger. He regaled and refreshed his two pretty friends with these. When he shall come back from that gold-bearing region of all his hopes in the far southern sea, Miss Aileen will be a plump little lady, and she must come to this crag-top with him. "If she is not fit to come up without your help now, how will she manage the hill when she's fat?" said Annabel. "Well, we'll carry her up!" he said, although how she was to be carried was not at all clear, by a balloon or some such thing, I suppose; and he would spread a sumptuous table for them among the rude pines, and lacqueys should wait on them, eager to supply every wish. That would beat Miss Ross's picnic, he was sure. "We must get up some such great affair for Aileen, I think, before I go, Annabel," he cried in his glee and folly: what could he mean? She was so happy to-day that she asked not what he meant, did not even apply herself to thought of the sorrow which thought of his going from her should impart.

Her May-day illusions remain with her. She is bright and gay when term day comes with its scores of print frocks, and merino gowns, and gay jackets, and what not, all to be shaped and sewn by her and her few scholars, for most of the pupils of the winter have left for their summer avocations. Mr. Marshall's fate or fortune is still undetermined, but, while anxious, to her he is ever the same, solicitously thoughtful and tender. He has been once or twice lately to Inverwick; and, lo! the secret of her abiding brightness. He has brought back his photograph in a gold brooch, one for each; and Aileen wears it on her breast every day, all day, so that in some sort he is ever with her. Annabel lays hers by with her Sunday gloves.

I remember them well in those days, knowing them mostly by their appearance in church-going. Their father went regularly with them, his portly figure attired in a black surtout with ample skirts. On his right tripped Aileen, slight, fragile-looking, and graceful; on his left stalked the stately and handsome Annabel. The daughters were habited alike, in merino frocks of a russet green, that pretty green which emulates nature in her shading when she tinges her green with brown and yellow in incipient autumn. Over these frocks they wore pаетots of black cloth, models of manufacture, which displayed, perhaps enhanced, the handsomeness of the younger, the *petite* figure and grace of

the elder sister. They were, what they looked, nice girls, tasteful and sincere, pure-minded, lovable.

The human mind is a strange study, in its ever-varying moods and phases. Oftentimes it is full of foreboding fears, great pain, and sorrow when there is nought, in fact, to excite it to such feeling. Oftentimes when real causes for anxiety present themselves the mind will not feel them, sucking comfort and sweetness from even the bitter things around it, assimilating them to its own pleasantness for the time — so now with Aileen. When reference was made to Marshall's probable departure, Annabel looked grave, and spoke of it in serious wise. Aileen seemed to hug the notion of his going, a pleasant thing coming to her. How was this, I wonder? She was happy, you know, soul-satisfied; she knew not wherefore, asked herself not why. Could it be that she anticipated a joyous day, a day of crowning joy in the fête he had talked of getting up for her before he should go away? Or did she, knowing the man's integrity and steadfastness, know also and trust to his love unspoken, unspoken only because with his slender income and the demands on it, he would not whisper his love till his fortune and power to consult his own happiness were secure? It were hard to say. Suffice it; she was happy, even excited in the glow and warmth of her happiness, feeling not the hours long through which she stitched from early morn till midnight; feeling no need of food nor burden of changeless labour in the peace and pleasure of her soul.

I missed them from church one Sunday, the third Sunday of June it was, and I saw the doctor go to the house, and then I sent to inquire for them, deeming it due to these nice girls, the model girls of our village, to show them my regard, really feeling much regard for them. Aileen had awakened that Sunday morning with throbbing, painful head, lethargic, and feeble, scarcely able to say that she was ill, certainly unable to rise. She had sat till eleven o'clock of the night before, hard stitching to finish a large parcel of mourning garments for the family of the ground officer deceased. She was exhausted, worn out. Annabel hoped that it was but a passing ailment, but the doctor looked grave. There must be no more of this late sewing, he said. She must eat more, and go out of doors very much more, if she wished to live and to be well.

All that Sunday, all through that Sun-
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day night, and on until the Monday, Annabel tenderly watched and cared for her, and she lay, not moaning much, making but little plaint, but very restless, feeling back or side sore and bruised when she had lain still but for a little. What was her soul full of? Was it of peace, or of unrest such as tossed her poor, thin frame? I cannot tell.

But on Monday evening there came to her bedside, I was about to say, a messenger of peace and life, but I dare scarcely say it. True, he came saying with honest intent, "Be still and live," and he knew not, dreamed not, that he was bringing and ensuring to her unrest and death. But Marshall came with gentle step and voice, asking what ailed her, urging her to get better, — she must get better for his sake. And he kissed her flushed cheek and burning brow, gently, tenderly, and whispered kind, even loving words, and breathed into her soul somewhat of his own strength and life. Long he sat in the little closet, while Annabel sat sewing her seams on the bedside, and the sick maiden was calmed and revived ere in the summer twilight he went his way. O, ailing one! is he not your true physician? Does not your soul burn within you while he sits and talks, consuming away all fear and doubt and painful misgivings in his presence, in which are peace, and assurance, and gladness, and strength? She feels that she can get up and fly away, her spirits are so enlivened. Alas! when she raises her head, her bodily weakness is so great that she sinks back exhausted.

Reassured and reinvigorated of mind, Aileen would scarcely admit her bodily weakness. At any rate, the weakness yielded speedily to the simple cordials they gave her. July found her seated at the open window, enjoying the sunshine, often also found her in the evening in grassy lane and by sheltering hedge-row, leaning on Marshall's arm, and followed by Annabel the composed. They did not stitch much in those days, because the busy season was past, and further because Annabel thought fit, as the manager of affairs in the meantime, to refuse certain pieces of work which were offered to her. Still would the moods of Aileen vary, from listless despondency to morbid gaiety, while no one could tell the causes which induced the one or promoted the other. A look, a word, a gesture of that accountant, nay, even the failure to see the look, to hear the word which she would hear or see, sufficed to account for it all.

But in that same July came a bright

surprise. Aileen was sitting at the open window and full of moodiness. "If the sewin' fail us, what shall we dae? There is nae wark! We haena won twa crouns i' the month gane, and the lang winter comin' on! I'm but a sair burden on ye, Annabel!" Annabel said it was nonsense. They had made five pounds since the term, and it was right to rest awhile. Indeed, she longed to bid good-bye to sewing altogether. To Aileen, in her present mood, this sounded like flat rebellion. In her livelier hours, no doubt, she could have participated in the longing, and felt no sin. At present, she referred her sister's desire to herself and her own weakness. Because she could not work as she used to do; because "the management" as well as what seams were to be sewed, had all devolved on Annabel, therefore was Annabel disheartened and longing for relief. So thinking, the tears came into Aileen's eyes, and she gulped down her ever-ready emotion to find it sticking hard in her throat. When, most unusual at that hour of the evening, they heard their father's footsteps hastily on the staircase, and he almost rushed, not as he was wont to do into the kitchen, but into their little room, Aileen instantly concluded that some disaster had befallen him, and got up in trepidation, excitedly asking what evil it was. "Nae ill, my dochters!" he said aloud; "far frae ill is ma errand! Gudekens hoo aft ma hairt was sair, seein' ye twa shewin' awa for bare life, an' me winnin' naething, or neist tae naething, weel nigh a warthless sornor on yer eident wark. It's ended noo, clean dune an' by-gane! I can keep ye noo as I ne'er did afore. Am the new grun' officer! thank God and Willie Marshall!"

Aileen sunk down on her chair, and clasped her hands. "Was this man's goodness ever to encompass her life?" she thought surely it must be for ever. Annabel very composedly said she was glad to hear it, that indeed she had been longing for it, because for a month she knew Marshall was using all his influence to bring it about, resolved to speak of it only in the event of success. Now she trusted that he himself should get the appointment he desired, and which was depending for so long. And thereupon, in the midst of what was matter of rejoicing, Aileen broke out into tears, knowing not, I dare say, what caused her to weep, feeling soreness somehow because their true friend had confided to the strong-minded Annabel what he had withheld from her weakness.

"Gudesakes, lassie! are ye greetin' for joy?" cried the father.

Annabel was so used to her sister's melting moods that she spoke not of it at all.

"Dinna tak' on, Aileen," said the father soothingly; "ye helpit an' uphaudit me in ma straits. I'll keep ye sweet an' aisy, dear lass, while am spaired henceforth."

This touch of happy fortune, you see, had softened the rugged nature of the man. But, indeed, he loved his daughters and was proud of them; and they, you must own, were worthy of a l the love he had or could bestow.

And Marshall, the beneficent, came as usual, of course; came without word or sign of the goodness he had done. And, oh, it were difficult to portray the feelings of intensified love—love that was almost reverence—with which one of these sisters awaited his coming, feelings that would have had their highest gratification if she could have done aught to show somewhat of them, could show some little abasement of herself before him in testimony of her love and reverence, even like the woman of old, who wiped the feet of Him adored of her with the hair of her head. But this man gave her no chance of such exhibition, for the tender solicitude and regard were all showed forth by him when he came, and no room was left for even the casual expression of the emotion which choked her, which only found indication in her face.

He had arranged that the widow of the late bailiff would vacate the official cottage at the Lammas term, 1st August, when they should be free to possess it. They knew the pretty cottage well, with its rustic porch and woodbine and honeysuckle, and the arched gateway of the entrance-garden, wreathed with tangled hops, and the acre or more of garden and grass land whereon fed the sleek-skinned, roan-coloured cow. Why, there was health and strength, as well as love and gratitude, in the bare thought of it to the poetic fancy of this girl Aileen. She could have poured out her thanks, she would most certainly have betrayed the feelings stronger than gratitude which filled her; but when she would have begun it, Annabel said, "Noo, nae nanesense, Aileen, nane o' yer thankgivin'; William kens oor hearts ower weel tae require the lik' o' that."

And William said it was true. But more, for the first time, he spoke of love; they knew he loved them both, and he knew they loved him; and what was a kindness between them? "I'll tell you

what, Aileen, dear, if I get this manager-ship, I have a secret to tell you before I go away, and you must gather health and strength before I tell it." The blood flowed back from Aileen's fair face, leaving it deadly pale, and it swelled around her heart in surging tide, which choked her voice while her heart and breast were full to bursting. "Was this the secret of his love?"

The cottage stood about a quarter of a mile from the village square, five minutes' walk or so; and Mr. Robert Stewart and his daughters with their household goods were transferred to it in the early days of August. But before they took possession, Annabel had several days' hard work alone in the cottage, sweeping, and whitewashing, and scouring it, all alone in the work of it, for as yet Aileen had not strength to help her; indeed, was too weak to go out. There was no doubt about it, the cleaning up of the cottage, which it were wrong and ill-will unmistakable for their predecessors to leave clean and swept and garnished at their incoming, was all done by the hands of the stately Annabel. Day by day she went across the square, handsome and neatly dressed as she always was to be seen, and she tripped along the lane up to the cottage, as proud of mien as handsome girl might look, stepped like a queen through the cottage gate and garden, perhaps stayed a little while to dally with the flowers before she let herself into the cottage. She had carried thither her scrubbing-brushes, and her whitewash and her water-supply the night before, and now her outer garments so pretty were laid aside, and she went to the rough work with that thoroughness and steady zeal which intelligence and will to work give to sound and ready muscles. The little parlour and their own bed-room she papered with a paper choice although cheap, as neatly as the most skilful workman could do it. That was the character of these girls, you know. A fulness of womanly dignity, a high natural refinement that made them the equals of the best people of any class, and which took no stain from the necessities of their position, demanding toil for food, or effort and toil like this for the amelioration of their home life. Then when her day's work was ended, and she had washed up and dressed again, again she stepped out into the evening light, the queen she was, dallied with the flowers again, selected the choicest to carry to Aileen, and went her stately way.

At length they were all transferred to the

cottage, and were happy in its pleasantness and comfort. The new ground officer was earnest in his resolution that he should now supply all their wants. He addressed a letter to the factor, empowering his daughters, or either of them, to grant receipts for his salary, which was £5 per month. His daughters must manage everything, spend all that money, or save it if they could. He would handle none of it. Was there not great cause for thankfulness in this turn of fortune, wholly propitious, laden with happiness and goodness?

In the garden, under the beech-tree, fenced about with a thicket of roses, Mr. William Marshall had a rustic seat set up, where, in the warmth of the August evening, Aileen could sit and yet not be oppressed with the glare of sunshine; and there she was contented to sit under the shadowy boughs, amid the perfume of roses. There, too, he often sought her; for the cottage lay on his way to his own home. There also he came with his flute to rival the thrush and the blackbird as of old, with song and roundelay; and peace and great blessedness came to these sisters with his coming, albeit they were so different of nature. Annabel, calm, almost bearing a look of indifference even when most pleased, that is, when he strove most to please her; Aileen, ready to swell at chest and throat, and to break out in tears that flowed from the happiness infelt of her, if he passed the bounds of his constant, steady kindness, spoke one tender word. I am sure she behaves quite sillily in the matter of that brooch and photograph. She will wear it, with reason or without, always bearing it on her bosom, who knows how often wetting it with her tears, while her hand holds it and none is by. I am sure Annabel would do no such silly thing. Yet Annabel, I do not doubt it, rejoiced in her still and quiet way on his coming. Aileen's quiet and peace were bounded wholly by his presence, perhaps, in some measure, because then she would bind and coerce herself. When he went away, then oftentimes, as when wintry suns have set and gone from the world, cold winds and dreary, dismal darkness set upon her soul forlorn, oppressed by doubts and sore with painful longings.

He says she must get strong for his sake, that he may walk out with her, that she may be able to bear his little secret before he goes away. He says it with soft glee that is almost tender. Again, she asks herself what can it be but his love concealed by the silence which just now it

were unwise to break? She thinks much of it, hopes much of it, is comforted much by it. But she dare not say she is strong enough, she is not strong enough to hear him tell that he loves her. Be still, O throbbing heart, that so flutters and beats in the faith of his secreted love! It would burst and bleed in the full assurance of it.

But herein was not only a motive to gather strength, but a cordial to give it. So she slowly began to creep about the fuchsias and the roses, to select a posy for him of the daintiest fragrance and choicest colouring within the garden's compass. Strength to walk about came to her gradually, helped in its coming, probably, by the abundant milk from their own cow, with which Annabel assiduously fed her. But then, again, ever when she felt strongest came those throbblings of heart and alternate flushing and paling of cheek, which made her limbs bend and tremble, made her fain to lie down to seek to still her soul. In fact, the constant ebb and flow of emotion in her was the real obstacle to convalescence. Yet still the recuperative force of life is strong at twenty-two, will fight a hard fight before it renders up itself; and here, too, life was oftentimes strengthened by hours of hope, even of hope assured and blessed, so that it seemed ultimately life would triumph. Annabel never doubted it. But Annabel knew nothing of the conditions of the struggle for life which her sister was enduring, believed, as did all around this ailing one, that her illness was the result of overwork and harassment.

Shall she ever gather strength, I wonder, to bear the secret for which she longs, yet which she dreads to hear in her perverse sensitiveness? Surely she shall; for as the days wane in August, she is able to greet him with a smile and a posy at the garden gate. Yes, more, she is able, with Annabel, to loiter out in the lane, to wander somewhat wearily to the neighbourhood of the farm-house where he lodges, wondering in which room he sits, in which room he sleeps of nights, while he, you know, is busy over his rent-rolls in his office in those sunny hours. Nature and the power of life in her and the power of hope and love in her are stronger than the wasteful, heartless yearnings that consume her soul and life because they have no oil of assurance wherewithal to maintain their flame. Then in the latter end of August came Mrs. Marshall, mother of this accountant, to spend a week with her son before har-

vest began, for on their hill-lying farm harvest came late even in genial seasons like this one.

She was a pleasant old matron, womanly, motherly. She had little to occupy her during her son's office hours, and therefore she spent most of those hours with her old neighbours the Misses Stewart. She was, of course, very proud of her son, not in an unreasonable, foolish way, but in that quiet, satisfied, glad way that calms and widens a mother's judgment through her heart's fullness of assurance of her children's worth. Thus she had been with them for a number of pleasant days, talking much of her William and his prospects, speaking much also of his goodness, speaking mostly of him to Aileen. Aileen, as an invalid, engaged her most, you know. Aileen could not venture to speak much of the man's goodness in response; but Mrs. Marshall knew, knew by trembling voice and moistening eye of her, that her heart was full of a sense of her William's worth. She had no petty jealousy, this mother, that a poor maiden like one of these might steal her son from her.

But one day she came to them, to Aileen lying on her couch in the forenoon, resting before she undertook the fatigue of a walk, and Mrs. Marshall came with mysterious nods and smiles, which dimpled on her happy old face in a way that seemed to say, "I know all about it, and am not displeased, as you may see." She had been to the village with William, and of course began speedily to talk of him. And, by-and-bye, she began in a happy way to chidingly speak of that son of hers as "close," and "secret-keeping," and so forth; and then she bent down to Aileen, saying, "He lat me ken he winna gang abraid alane, gin God sends him. Noo, which o' ye's tae gae wi' him?"

The blood flowed up to Aileen's face in crimson-heated torrent, and as suddenly streamed back again to her heart, leaving her pained and quivering as with chill of fever. She could not reply.

Annabel was darning a stocking, and she set it down from her lap in the quietest way imaginable, while she said, "He'll get either o' us he likes, o' coorse, Mrs. Marshall; but which wad ye wish him tae tak'?" Pit in a gude word for me." She said it with that sweet smiling simplicity of hers, that absence of emotion which seemed to say there was no heart loving within her.

"Deed," said Mrs. Marshall, "I'll dae naething o' the kind, Annabel. Ye're a cauld, proud minx, han'some though ye be! If I hae a word tae say, I'll say it for saft-

hairted Aileen. She's mair tae ma taste, lassie."

"Weel, am vera willin' tae be yer dochter, mem," answered Annabel, laughing. "Surely, ye'll tell him sae muckle whatever."

"Tell him it yersel, if ye're mindit tae. I'll tak' care I winna! An' I think ma lad's thinkin' lik' me."

And Aileen lay pale and sick the while they talked; but her blood bounded and flowed again when the mother said that she thought her lad's thoughts were like hers, and that these were of her, Aileen. But she could not speak, could not even form a definite thought. She must simply lie and feel, until the changed conversation of those two gave her time to calm down and to collect sufficient energy to arise and go out on the arm of the mother. There was no doubt about the maternal preference for the weaker sister, and the mother tells her to get well for the sake of the emigrant son. There are health and strength in her kindly words.

It seems strange to me talking thus of this period, week by week, that none of those around her took a serious view of her illness, felt no apprehension of untoward result of it. Annabel was strong and healthy, you know, and entirely accustomed to her sister's pensive, tearful, soft ways, and thought—quite naturally, I daresay—that she rather liked to lie down and have a good cry, quite naturally believed that "a good shaking" would have been fitting and effectual cure for her, if she had had heart to administer it. Counsellor Stewart, too, now happy in his occupation, happy in his family arrangements, happy in himself and his well-doing, seeing every day too his dearest daughter, would always say that it was nought but the outcome of her overwork at that Whitsunday last by-past. He knew she was now able to go out every good day. He did not see her frequent changes of mood and colour, for when he was present the matters that used to prompt those changes seldom approached her. He always declared, "She's impruv'in' fine," and in his sanguine way he undoubtedly believed it. To William Marshall's eye alone did there appear actual danger in this illness, the special origin of which he did not guess at, the special forms of which perplexed him. Therefore he was solicitous for her, tender towards her, ever prompt to show her of his regard. He used to come to the cottage every night after tea, and to bring his flute with him, playing the old tunes of old days, while the girls sewed up things for the decoration

of their home, such as cushions of wool for the seats of the cane-bottomed chairs, which were the chairs of their little parlour, being really bed-room things worth four shillings and sixpence a-piece; but which, when covered with these cushions, and with "cotton stripe," made the little room look as furnished handsomely. Annabel, of course, was the chief seamstress now, for Aileen but languidly plied her needle, often pausing to sigh forth great sighs. Yet would she sometimes brighten up when thus he came, sometimes even gather strength to sing "Oft in the stilly night," or some such thing, doing it with that soft, wooing, Doric voice of hers, in such wise as made little words greatly affecting. Annabel would say, "Ye sing sae plaintif, Aileen, ye mak' me fit tae cry." As for Aileen, she was so habituated to emotion, had so trained herself to suppress it when he was present, that save in the plaintive voice, in her gay hours with him, you could not know that body and soul of her were oppressed and distressed as they were. And when he went away on those autumnal evenings, Aileen would lay herself tired and languid on the little couch, but Annabel went with him to the gate to see him clear off the premises, you know, as a friend might do, who had no fear of the night air. Who knows what words are whispered beside the little gate, under the twinkling stars, roguishly twinkling but ever silent! Well, I know, but it is not of my story to tell you.

Mr. William Marshall is sent for to meet in Edinburgh certain gentlemen about that Tasmanian managership. He has gone away, and blank desolation has settled down on the soul of Aileen, lonely in a world that ought to have been pleasant to her, racked by keenest anxiety that set her heart a-beating in violent commotion, by some dread fear that she had not defined, sought not to define; but which, when it came upon her, chilled her through soul and body, and checked the throb of her blood-gorged heart. Was not the hour approaching when he would tell her the secret which hitherto he had kept hid from her within himself, which she was dying because she heard it not, and yet dreaded to hear? So, with pain and panting, she pined through the days of his absence, until she received a little note from him, very kind and loving towards them all. He had got the appointment, £700 a year and a liberal allowance for outfit and passage, and he must sail on 1st November. He would return to them immediately.

The Counsellor was radiant, elated, as

was right and natural, at the success of his true friend. "Hoorah!" he cried, when he came in to dinner. "Willie Marshall deserves it a'! There is ne'er a cleverer chiel nor a kinder hait 'twixt this an Embro.' Gude grant him muckle happiness!" Annabel received the news very quietly, even gravely. Aileen lay down on her couch to calm herself, could eat no part of the little dinner, so full she was of the tidings. But when Annabel had removed and washed up the dishes, the father having gone out, she, Annabel, would write a letter to old Mrs. Marshall to congratulate her, and she did it calmly, as if the news were but of ordinary import, as if she was simply gratified in a dear friend's success in life, calmly while Aileen lay trying to still her foolish heart, succeeding in it not at all.

Then Annabel dressed to go to the village to post the letter. She would bring home some steel drops for Aileen. She was standing on the floor saying so, when she gave a little delighted scream, and cried, "There's Marshall, I declare! How can he hae come?" and she ran into the porch to meet him. He had come not "on the wings of love," but by the same mail-coach as his letter, and at mid-day had hired a conveyance on to the village. Aileen raised herself feebly on her elbow. She could not get up to receive him. She heard him kiss Annabel in the porch, and saw him enter the little parlour making his explanations of his unexpected appearance. She scarcely knew when he came to her softly inquiring for her, and tenderly kissing her. He was in high spirits. He had only just reached the village, but could not rest till he had run to them. He would go to the village with Annabel, as he ought to call at the office, but he would return with her in a little to comfort the ailing Aileen, whom he kissed then again. And, raised on her elbow to stare through the cottage window after him, she saw him go out with Annabel and along the garden walk, talking gravely. Then he stopped and hurried back to her. She sunk down almost fainting at his coming.

"I have come to tell you my secret now, Aileen dear. It must do you good, must make you well. I have kept it for four years. Now I can tell it freely, for my

hopes are turning into facts, and you must get well to make the facts wholly happy." She was listening with all her soul in that poor face of hers, but she shut her eyes and held her breath when he said she was needed for his happiness; but he went on; "Annabel is going with me as my long-plighted wife. I am sure you will be both pained and pleased. Now, you see, you must get well." He kissed her again, as she lay silent and motionless, and hurried out to his bride.

The lovers went together in their happiness to the village, and near to the office they found that sage official, Ground Officer Stewart, whom Marshall hailed. "I want your advice, O Counsellor, but I'll pay no fee."

"What's that aboot?" asked Mr. Stewart.

"I am to take this young lady abroad with me. She's quite willing to go, but I want your opinion of it."

Stewart opened his eyes, and took off his hat, and puffed out his cheeks, and blew out a great breath. "God bliss ye, Willie! If ye wanted the pair o' them, and they would gae wi' ye, I'd mak' ye welcome." And he grasped the young man's hand and wrung it, and wrung his daughter's hand thereafter, and looked very foolish and like to cry.

They arranged to go back together to Aileen. In half an hour Marshall would be free to go, and very joyously they returned to the cottage, with their happiness beaming in their faces, rounding and mellowing their voices, and filling and warming their hearts. The September sunshine was abroad and bright, and the corn-laden earth was warm and pleasant as they. They entered the cottage. Aileen was still lying on the couch, her face turned to the wall and pressed to the pillow. Marshall cried gaily as he entered, "Come, Aileen, you must now wish us joy!" But Aileen answered not. He went to her, put his hand on her shoulder; but she moved not. He drew her face towards him, disclosing his photograph in the brooch held by her left hand upon the pillow. Her lips were pressed to it, clung heavily to it as he drew them away. He saw it, and the whole truth flashed on him, and he cried out in anguish, for Aileen was dead.

From All the Year Round.

SCIENCE AND IMAGINATION.

THE vulgar conception of a man of science pictures him as an irreclaimable Dr. Dryasdust, strongly impressed with the fact that two and two make four, loving languages for the sake of their declensions and conjunctions, and preferring those which have most irregular verbs. The populace's man of science delights in weights and measures, logarithms, statistical tables, tottles of the whole, and discoveries which unscientific men will turn to account in the form of patents. The conventional man of science is a plodder who grants nothing until it is logically or experimentally proved, a matter-of-fact dullard, a proser, a bore.

Another idea has long been current exactly the reverse of the above. Your philosopher is a dreamer, a schemer, a speculator, whom his friends ought to put into a lunatic asylum — an alchemist, a squarer of the circle, a concoctor of the elixir of life. This species of philosopher works at a project, because the world holds it to be impossible.

Recent years have done much to efface both these notions of what philosophy is and is not. Society is more tolerant than it was, forty or fifty years ago, of philosophical discussions, even when they touch upon the gravest subjects. Moreover, truth may be resisted, and cavilled at, and pooh-poohed, up to a certain point; but, beyond a certain point, it is irresistible. When its evidences have accumulated into a mass of sufficient volume, they burst the sandy dykes of prejudice, and sweep all opposition before them. This is especially notable in the school of which Dr. Tyndall is one of the most illustrious ornaments. He and his colleagues have been listened to unwillingly; they have gained their ground laboriously; and now, we believe, they have more disciples, or at least very nearly convinced listeners, than choose openly to avow themselves as such.

All Dr. Tyndall's works mark advances in the progress of modern science. They may be read over and over again with increased instruction and interest. They are indispensable to the favourite book-shelf of every one who wishes to know, and is able to think. On this account we remind our readers of an addition to them, which, though professedly merely an occasional discourse, really makes an integral part of the series. On the 16th of September, 1870, Dr. Tyndall delivered before the British Association, at Liverpool, a wonder-

ful oration, On the Scientific Use of the Imagination.

We are constantly reminded, even by the conversational expressions of every-day life, of the help which imagination affords to science. How is an important discovery spoken of? It is a bright idea, a lucky hit, a happy thought, a fortunate guess, a clever notion, an inspiration of genius, a successful experiment. It is evidently something good and new attained by an intellectual leap, or spring, and not a result worked out step by step, by chopping logic and spinning a series of "therefores," like Euclid's solution of a problem.

What are scientific experiments but brilliant efforts of the imagination? "I imagine that, under such and such circumstances, such and such will be the case. I don't know it; but I will try." By no one is this fact more profusely and more convincingly illustrated than by Dr. Tyndall, both in his published books and his lectures. He amplifies the experiments of other philosophers, besides inventing experiments of his own. He wishes to know whether pure water be, as most people suppose it, absolutely colourless. It is so, as we usually see it, in small quantities; but a very thin stratum of pale ale is almost as colourless as a stratum of water. He pours distilled water into a drinking-glass; it exhibits no trace whatever of colour: so he imagines an experiment to show us that this pellucid liquid, in sufficient thickness, has a very decided colour.

"Here," he says triumphantly, "is a tube fifteen feet long, placed horizontally, its ends being stopped by pieces of plate-glass. At one end of the tube stands an electric lamp, from which a cylinder of light will be sent through the tube. It is now half filled with water, the upper surface of which cuts the tube in two equal parts horizontally. Thus, I send half of my beam through air, and half through water, and with this lens I intend to project a magnified image of the adjacent end of the tube upon this screen. You now see the image, composed of two semicircles, one of which is due to the light which has passed through the water, the other to the light which has passed through the air. Side by side, thus, you can compare them; and you notice that while the air semicircle is a pure white, the water semicircle is a bright and delicate blue-green." The real colour of distilled water was ascertained and proved beyond a doubt.

Again: somebody once imagined that sound was owing to commotions of some kind produced in the air, and conse-

quently that air was necessary to the propagation of sound. No air, no sound, it was guessed. But what airless region of the world could the learned then find to put the notion to the test? In course of time, the air-pump was constructed. A celebrated experiment, which proved the truth of the theory, was made by a philosopher named Hawksbee, before the Royal Society, in 1705. He so fixed a bell within the receiver of an air-pump, that he could ring the bell when the receiver was exhausted. Before the air was withdrawn, the sound of the bell was heard within the receiver; after the air was withdrawn, the sound became so faint as to be hardly perceptible. The experiment will be familiar to our readers, but it was not the less a successful effort of imagination at the time.

Dr. Tyndall, as is his wont, carries it further. After exhausting the receiver as perfectly as possible, he allows hydrogen gas — which is fourteen times lighter than air — to enter the vessel. The sound of the bell is not sensibly augmented by the presence of this attenuated gas, even when the receiver is full of it. By working the pump, the atmosphere round the bell is rendered still more attenuated. In this way a vacuum is obtained more perfect than that of Hawksbee; which is important, for it is the last traces of air that are chiefly effective in this experiment. The hammer is then seen pounding the bell, but no sound is audible. An ear placed against the exhausted receiver is unable to hear the faintest tinkle. Note, however, that the bell is suspended by strings; for if it were allowed to rest upon the plate of the air-pump, the vibrations would communicate themselves to the plate and be transmitted to the air outside. All that can be heard by the most concentrated attention, with the ear placed against the receiver, is a feeble thud, due to the transmission of the shock of the hammer through the strings which support the bell. On permitting air to enter the jar with as little noise as possible, a feeble sound is immediately heard, growing louder as the air becomes more dense, until every person assembled in the lecture-room distinctly hears the ringing of the bell.

But this is not all. At great elevations in the atmosphere, where the air is rarer than at the level of the sea, sound is sensibly diminished in loudness. Dr. Tyndall imagines the consequences of talking in an atmosphere considerably thinner than that which usually surrounds us.

"The voice," he informs us, "is formed by urging air from the lungs through an

organ called the larynx. In its passage it is thrown into vibration by the vocal chords, which thus generate sound. But when I fill my lungs with hydrogen, and endeavour to speak, the sound is weakened in a remarkable degree. The consequence is very curious. You have already formed a notion of the strength and quality of my voice. I now empty my lungs of air, and inflate them with hydrogen from this gas-holder. I try to speak vigorously, but my voice has lost wonderfully in power, and changed wonderfully in quality. You hear it, hollow, harsh, and unearthly: I cannot otherwise describe it."

Cases like this justify us in calling science, romance reduced to practice. It is easily conceivable that scientific conceptions may be something more than mere figments of the fancy. A thing imagined need not be a figment at all; it need not be a lie, the thing which is not. Its truth or its falsity is tested by experiment, resulting in the discovery of fact. From this bold essay of hydrogen as a conversational medium is deduced the axiom: the intensity of a sound depends on the density of the air in which the sound is generated, and not on that of the air in which it is heard.

The importance of imagination as an auxiliary to science is particularly manifested by the short-comings of science in consequence of insufficient aid from imagination. How many discoveries have, over and over again, been all but discovered before they were actually and finally attained! How often has fancy's airy wing failed for want of just a little more strength! The first inventors of block-printing never dreamt of movable types. Similar cases are so plentiful, that they would furnish the materials of a curious paper. From time immemorial it has been known that heat was generated by motion, especially by the motions of friction and impact. Nobody can say when people first warmed their hands by rubbing them together, or what savage first produced fire by the friction of suitable pieces of wood. A rifle-bullet, while pursuing its course, is warmed by the friction of the air; there has even been talk of cooking eggs by friction, by whirling them round in the air in a sling. You may warm a bit of cold iron by beating it with a cold hammer on a cold anvil. A horse's iron shoe is made hotter than the horse's foot by quick trotting over a cold stone pavement. All this heat was attributed to the accumulation of caloric, a subtle fluid, the fluid of heat.

Count Rumford was one of the first to

propound, in 1798, the theory regarding the nature of heat which is now universally admitted by men of science. The suggestive fact which led to it — as the falling apple led Newton to universal gravitation — was the large amount of heat developed in the process of boring cannon at Munich. To test his idea, he contrived an apparatus for the generation of heat by friction, and with it succeeded in actually boiling water, originally at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, in two hours and a half. "It would be difficult," he says, "to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenances of the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire." Dr. Tyndall, being short of time, produced the same effect, by similar means, on a small quantity of water, in two minutes and a half.

The electric telegraph is perhaps the thing which has most frequently missed the consummation of discovery. In 1732, it was prefigured in the shape of a desirable and perhaps possible talisman. Indeed, talismans and amulets often express anxious longings after ends which we now either know to be impossible, or which we have either partially or completely realized. Express trains, for instance, are not bad substitutes for the flying carpet of the Arabian Nights. Now Father Lebrun (in his *Histoire critique des Pratiques superstitieuses qui ont séduit les Peuples, et embarrassé les Savants*) records the employment of the magnet as a means of conversing at a distance. "I have heard say several times that certain persons have interchanged secret communications by means of two magnetic needles. Two friends took a compass, around which were engraved the letters of the alphabet, and, they pretend, when one of the friends made the needle point to any letter, the other needle, although distant several leagues, immediately turned to the same letter. I do not answer for the fact; I only know that several persons, as Salmut, have believed it possible, and that several persons have refuted this error."

This "error" is nothing less than the electric telegraph, minus the batteries and the conducting wires.

Aldini, again, in his *Essai Théorique et Experimentale sur le Galvanisme*, published in 1804, hit upon a veritable electric telegraph without knowing it. His object was to ascertain whether a galvanic shock could be transmitted through the sea. It had already been effected through the waters of the Lake of Geneva by Swiss,

and through those of the Thames by English philosophers. Happening to visit Calais, he laid down a wire from a battery on the end of the west jetty to the platform of Fort-Rouge, now demolished. The effects of the battery fixed on the jetty were felt, not only by living persons stationed on the platform, but even recently slain animals betrayed by their contractions the fact that they had received the message sent from the distant battery. In this suggestive experiment (and we now wonder how people could be so dull) all that was wanted to constitute the telegraph were the dial-plates at each end of the wire.

Dr. Tyndall's discourse, however, applies itself rather to theory than to its practical application. A correct theory is the key to knowledge; starting from that, the consequences are sure. But without imagination, no theory is possible. Scientific education, he everywhere insists, ought to teach us to see the invisible, as well as the visible in nature; to picture, with the eye of the mind, those operations which entirely elude the eye of the body; to look at the very atoms of matter, in motion and at rest, and to follow them forth, without ever losing sight of them, into the world of the senses, and see them there integrating themselves in natural phenomena.

Most needful to be pictured on the retina of the mind are the pulsations which pervade all nature. By means of pulsations in ether, we see; by pulsations in the air, we hear; by nervous pulsation, we taste, smell, and feel; by pulsations of the heart, we live. Existence is made up of fits and starts, intermittent though regular, and not the less real for being so rapid that our senses perceive but few of their intervals. It is the eye of the mind only which can realise them clearly.

Most happily does Dr. Tyndall select, as his principal illustration of the Scientific Use of the Imagination, the undulatory theory of light. Light, which is the synonym of perception and intelligence, is, we now feel thoroughly assured, the result of a mechanism utterly and absolutely imperceptible by our senses. It is the consequence of pulsations or waves in a subtle ether pervading all space. But we only know the ether intellectually. No one has ever compressed it, so as to make it tangible, nor revealed its presence by chemical tests. No one has ever felt it blow on his cheek, or seen the lightest film of down displaced by its currents. The ether itself is far beyond our ken: and yet we know that it must exist, because we see, and wit-

ness the phenomena of light and vision, which, in many instances, are only a repetition, in another form, of the phenomena of sound.

It is difficult to state the case, even briefly, without borrowing not only Dr. Tyndall's thoughts, but in great measure his very words. Sound travels through different media with different velocities. In water, it is propagated at the rate of four thousand seven hundred feet a second, whereas the wave-motion in water (like that produced by the fall of a heavy rain-drop on a tranquil pond) is propagated at a rate which does not amount to a foot a second. Gravity and inertia are the agents by which this wave-motion is produced; whilst in the case of the sound-pulse, it is the elasticity of the water that is the urging force.

But water is not necessary to the conduction of sound; air is its most common vehicle. And when air possesses the particular density and elasticity corresponding to the temperature of freezing water, it is known that the velocity of sound in it is one thousand and ninety feet a second—almost exactly one-fourth of the velocity in water: the reason being that, although the greater weight of the water tends to diminish the velocity, the enormous molecular elasticity of the liquid far more than atones for the disadvantage due to weight. Now, we have a tolerably clear idea of the phenomena of sound. By various contrivances, we can compel the vibrations of the air to declare themselves; we know the length and frequency of sonorous waves. We can abolish one sound by another. We know the physical meaning of music and noise, of harmony and discord. In short, as regards sound, we have precise ideas of the physical processes by which special sensations are excited in our ears.

In these phenomena we travel a very little way from downright sensible experience. But still the imagination is brought into play, to some extent. We construct in thought the waves of sound which we cannot see with our bodily eye, and we believe as firmly in their existence as in that of the air itself. But, having mastered the cause and mechanism of sound, we desire to know the cause and mechanism of light. Here we have to call upon that expansive, almost creative power of the human intellect, which we call the imagination. In the case now before us, it is manifested by our transplanting into space, for the purposes of light, a modified form of the mechanism of sound.

We know on what the velocity of sound

depends. When we lessen the density of a medium, and preserve its elasticity constant, we augment the velocity. When we heighten the elasticity, and keep the density constant, we also augment the velocity. A small density, therefore, and a great elasticity, are the two things necessary to rapid propagation.

Now light is known to move with the astounding velocity of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second. How is such a velocity to be attained? By boldly diffusing in space a medium of the requisite tenuity and elasticity!

Accordingly, philosophers have made such a medium their starting-point, endowing it with one or two other necessary qualities; handling it in accordance with strict mechanical laws; and thus transferring it from the world of imagination to the world of sense, and trying whether the final result be not the very phenomena of light which ordinary knowledge and skilled experiment reveal. If, in all the multiplied varieties of these phenomena, including those of the most remote and entangled description, this fundamental conception always brings them face to face with the truth; if no contradiction to their deductions from it be found in external nature; if, moreover, it has actually forced upon their attention phenomena which no eye had previously seen, and which no mind had previously imagined; if, by it, they find themselves gifted with a power of prescience which has never failed when brought to an experimental test;—such a conception, which never disappoints them, but always lands them on the solid shores of fact, must, they think, be something more than a mere figment of the scientific fancy. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that reason and imagination, by their united action, have led them into an invisible world, which is not a bit less real than the world of the senses.

Imagination, then, in one brilliant instance, has guided us to one of the grandest physical facts. But this universal medium, this light-ether as it is called, is a vehicle, not an origin, of wave-motion. It receives and transmits, but it does not create. The motion it conveys is derived, for the most part, from luminous bodies. The scientific imagination, which is here authoritative, demands, as the origin and cause of a series of ether-waves, a particle of vibrating matter, quite as definite as, though incomparably smaller than, that which gives origin to a musical sound. Such a particle is named an atom, or a molecule, and

is, we think, by no means difficult to imagine.

Acting on our retina, the different light-waves produce the sensation of different colours. Red, for example, is produced by the largest waves, violet by the smallest; whilst green and blue are produced by waves of intermediate length and amplitude. We may compare their differences of magnitude to the billows of the ocean and the ripples of a pond. The shingle that would stop the one would have no perceptible effect on the other. Now, suppose a number of minute particles, like the motes which dance in sunbeams, to be suspended in the atmosphere. It will be admitted that, like the pebbles on a beach, they may have some influence on the smaller waves of light.

The sky is blue; which indicates a deficiency on the part of the larger waves. In accounting for the colour of the sky, the first question suggested by analogy would undoubtedly be, "Is not the air blue?" The blueness of the air has, in fact, been given as a solution of the blueness of the sky. But reason, basing itself on observation, asks in reply, "How, if the air be blue, can the light of sunrise and sunset, which travels through vast distances of air, be yellow, orange, and even red?" The passage of the white solar light through a blue medium could, by no possibility, redden the light. The hypothesis of a blue air is therefore untenable. In fact, the agent, whatever it is, which sends us the light of the sky, exercises in so doing, a double action. The light reflected is blue, the light transmitted is orange or red.

But it is known that infinitely small particles, suspended in a medium, give it a blue tint, when seen by reflected light. There are glasses which show a bright yellow by transmitted, and a beautiful blue by reflected light. A trace of soap in water gives it a tint of blue, as does the steeping in it of a fresh shred of horse-chestnut bark. London milk makes an approximation to the same colour, through the operation of the same cause; and Helmholtz has irreverently disclosed the

fact that a blue eye is simply a turbid medium.

The minuteness of the particles which produce our azure sky must be left entirely to imagination. From their perviousness to stellar light, and other considerations, Sir John Herschel drew some startling conclusions respecting the density and weight of the comets. We know that their tails often fill spaces immensely larger than the whole earth, whose diameter is only eight thousand miles. Both it and our sky, and a good space beyond the sky, would certainly be included in a sphere ten thousand miles across, three hundred thousand of which spheres would be required to make up a handsome comet's tail. Now, suppose the whole of this cometary matter to be swept together, and suitably compressed, what do we suppose its volume would be? Sir John Herschel would tell us that the whole mass of this cometary rubbish might be carted away at a single effort by a single dray-horse. Perhaps even a donkey might do the work.

After this, we may entertain Dr. Tyndall's notion concerning the quantity of matter in our sky. Suppose a shell to surround the earth at a height above the surface which would place it beyond the grosser matter that hangs in the lower regions of the air—say at the height of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Outside this shell we have the deep blue firmament. Let the atmospheric space beyond the shell be swept clean, and let the sky matter be properly gathered up. What is its probable amount? Dr. Tyndall has thought that a lady's portmanteau; nay, even that a gentleman's portmanteau—possibly his snuff-box—might take it all in. But whether the actual sky be capable of this amount of condensation or not, he entertains no doubt that a sky quite as vast as ours, and as good in appearance, could be formed from a quantity of matter which might be held in the hollow of the hand.

After this, the sky may fall, without making us quake about broken bones.

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations.—For sleep itself is a recreation. Add not, therefore, sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good

husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's-day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Thomas Fuller.

From The Spectator.
WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

THERE has been a good deal of discussion of late whether there is any real and essential conflict between the genius of Christianity and War,—in other words, whether war can be considered righteous under the Christian theory. Archbishop Manning seems to have held last Sunday that while Christianity has always aimed at putting restrictions on the use of physical force such as the pagan morality never once dreamt of imposing, it regards war much as it regards capital punishment, as an extreme remedy against an extreme evil, and an extreme evil which ought, at least, to involve extreme guilt; and he interpreted the saying of our Lord, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," as a mere statement of fact, which rendered it right for the Apostles and all other missionaries of a new faith to abstain from provoking a violent and early death. But we doubt if this passage is the one on which mainly the Quaker view of Christian doctrine rests, for it comes immediately after the saying, "he that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one," which seems to be a much stronger authority on the opposite side than the argument, addressed exclusively to an apostle, against the useless employment of force on behalf of his master. The impression that Christianity discountenances all use of force rests far more, we believe, on the passage in which our Lord expressly condemns the principle of revenge than on any other: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." We quote the whole passage to show how entirely its drift is one in relation to interior motives

rather than external actions,—the substitution for the precept of revenge, which was external in form, of a series of equivalents equally external in form, but intended to impress on the disciples the opposite state of mind. Instead of wishing to inflict on any one who had injured them an exactly equal injury, they were sedulously to discourage in their hearts every trace of the feeling of personal resentment, so as to be willing to suffer further injury rather than resent the former. The injunction to "give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away," refers equally, we believe, to the case of a personal enemy, and is meant not as an universal injunction, but as a test of complete forgiveness. Else it would hardly stand as it does between the condemnation of revenge and the exhortation to "love your enemies," and to be like him who "maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." As almost the whole Sermon on the Mount is devoted exclusively to the delineation of the true divine temper, and to the suggestion of tests of the true temper,—for instance, strict secrecy to discriminate between the spirit of charity and that of ostentation,—and willingness to lose eye or ear rather than commit a deliberate sin, as a test of the fear of sin; so the difference between the spirit of love and that of revenge is to be tested by the willingness to bestow any kind of good on the object of offence, and even to undergo readily further injury rather than indulge the desire for retaliation. We find our Lord always using the strongest figurative language, and explaining to his disciples when he found them misunderstanding him, that "it is the spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." He told them that his flesh was the true bread without eating which they could have no eternal life; that his flesh was meat indeed and his blood drink indeed; and when they were offended, he added the explanation we have spoken of as to his spiritual meaning. He warned his disciples of the leaven of the Pharisees, and when they said, in their matter-of-fact way, "it is because we have taken no bread," he explained that the leaven of the Pharisees, that which gave a specific flavour to all their modes of thought and speech, was hypocrisy. He told them that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, and

when he saw them aghast and dumb with astonishment, added, "how hard is it for them that *trust* in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." It is clear that vividly metaphorical and startling forms of speech were found specially useful by our Lord for the interest which they excited in somewhat wandering and inattentive minds. His drift, however, was never, as far as we know, to condemn any outward form of acknowledged professional duty at all,—only to explain the divine *spirit* in which life should be lived.

We hold, then, that war would only be inconsistent with Christ's teaching, if it could be shown that any one spirit which he inculcates is absolutely inconsistent with a soldier's life. Is it impossible for a soldier to forgive his enemies, to pray for them that despitefully use him? If so, a soldier cannot be a Christian; but if not, if it be quite as easy, and perhaps somewhat easier for a soldier to perform his spiritual duties towards his enemies in the field, than towards his private enemies, then there is no necessary inconsistency. But it will be said, "How can a man really love another at whose life he is deliberately aiming? Is it possible to pray for those into whom you are plunging the bayonet? Is it possible to pray for those who are plunging the bayonet into you?" We should say, unquestionably, yes,—not only possible, but comparatively very much easier indeed, than to pray for a man who comes boring you day after day with selfish worries of a trivial kind, or for one against whom you are competing in a commercial enterprise which it is life or death to you to win. The true soldier feels real respect and pity for his enemies. He is aiming not at them, but at a particular cause *through* them. It is far easier to bless those who kill you than those who curse you; and in war it is far oftener not those *against* whom you fight, but those *with* whom you fight, who curse you most liberally.

But there is a more formidable argument. War, as one sees, brings, almost if not quite inevitably, a whole host of moral evils with it,—ravaged land, plundered houses, oppressed citizens, murdered spies. Hatred, jealousy, and malice, if not the essentials of a battle, are absolute essentials of a prolonged struggle, of invasion and conquest. How, then, can war, which must lead to the riotous development of a whole host of passions, be justified? We should answer that it is a very different thing, indeed, to show that war involves, as a moral certainty, "with such creatures

as we are in such a world as the present," a whole host of moral evils, and to assert that war *consists* in such evils. No man may consciously sin against light to save his life or another's life; but every man may, and must, every year, if not day, of his life, do what will, in all human probability, nay, with something like moral certainty, involve a number of other beings in such sins. The man who manufactures beer or spirit, does what in all human probability will lead to the drunkenness of some of his fellow-creatures. The man who publishes a police report does what in all moral probability will involve some of his fellow-creatures in temptation and crime. The man who prosecutes a thief condemns him to almost certain deterioration in our prisons; the man who pardons him does what he can to diminish the fear of crime and the respect for law. Just criticism is almost certain to produce ill-feeling and bitterness in some one. Panegyric, or even complaisance, is almost certain to produce vanity and self-sufficiency. Almsgiving corrupts the poor; and the appearance of indifference to their sufferings hardens them and increases the chasm between class and class. It is, in short, no final objection to any sort of external life, that it involves a moral certainty of a great number of evil passions. What you have to consider, when once the question whether it is absolutely *identified* with those evil passions is answered in the negative, is not whether it involves a great deal of moral evil, but whether it involves *more or less* than the other alternatives open to you.

Nor can it be truly said that defensive war at least, does involve more evils than, or even so many as, the submission to external aggression. Can it be said that in the present state of the world, there is half so much moral evil caused by a war of defence, and the lesson it teaches that a causeless and insolent aggression will be resisted with all the force of the nation oppressed, and, should that be insufficient, with a good deal of the force of other nations too, as there would be, were it known that such aggressions might be perpetrated with impunity, in consequence of the reluctance of Christian people to resist them? Suppose Germany had been too non-resistant to repel the French invasion, would there not now be a host of raging passions infinitely more permanent and more fierce than even this awful war has produced? Non-resistance to aggression, practically means submission to external slavery. Do we not know enough of what slavery

means to declare at once that nothing involved in war is half so evil or so lasting? Or suppose France had tamely submitted to give up Alsace and Lorraine after Sedan, and had refused to strike a blow for her own provinces. Would not the wrath of the inhabitants against both conquerors and conquered, the broken trust of the rest of the nation in their brother Frenchmen, the collapse of the sense of national cohesion, the feeling that a rude threat was all that was necessary to tear up the bonds of country and dissolve the mutual obligations of society, be prolific in results far more mischievous and evil than even the international savagery of this savage war? It is full of evil that Germans should despise and hate Frenchmen, and that Frenchmen should loathe Germans for another generation, as they undoubtedly will. Would it not be far worse that, in addition to feelings of this kind hardly less strong, the French should have learnt to despise and distrust each other, and feel that there was not enough of disinterested loyalty in that "fraternity" of which they boast, to nerve them for

a few months of stern self-sacrifice for their own people?

If we add to these general considerations that our Lord came of a race great in war and the traditions of war, and never formally declared that a warrior could not be one of his disciples; that he said of a Roman centurion, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel," without adding even a hint that his profession was inconsistent with true faith; that another centurion was the very first of St. Peter's Gentile converts, and that we find no trace of his being called upon to give up his duties; that St. Paul delighted to take his spiritual metaphors from the profession of the soldier, and when enjoining submission to the civil power of Rome spoke of that power as "not bearing the sword in vain," — we think it is pretty clear that the immediate disciples of our Lord did not in the least understand him as absolutely forbidding war, and that our interpretation of his meaning in the passages in which he seems to inculcate absolute non-resistance, is not far at least, from that of his own immediate followers.

The present operations of the Germans in the northern districts of France cover pretty much the same ground which was covered by the operations of the English about four centuries and a half ago. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "History of the Battle of Agincourt," has given a detailed account derived from contemporary records of the expeditions into French territory conducted under Henry V. and the Earl of Shrewsbury in 1415. Among other things, he has preserved the "General Orders" both of Henry and of Shrewsbury. It appears that the English army was attended by a regular commissariat. It was provided with its own beef and beer, and it exacted nothing in the way of contributions from the inhabitants except bread and wine. The commanders "on payne of smytynge of the head" prohibit all outrage on women, wanton destruction of property, and unnecessary bloodshed. It is, for example, ordered: —

That no man be so hardy to take from no man going to the plough, harow, or cart, horse, mare, nor ox, nor nor other beste longinge to labour within the King's obaysance without lounge and bedinge and grede the partye upon payne of death, and that no man give none impedymet to no man of labour.

That no man forale in the country appatised, but it be haye, ottes, rye, and other necessary vitailles, nor that no man geve unto his horse no wheate nor to gader none, but if it be only to make brede of, and if the said forais take any beastalle for their sustenance that they take reasonably and to make no waste, nor for to devour nor destroye no vitailles, and also that the saide forais take nor stell

no great oxen, ne no mylche keene, but small beastalle, and that they accord with the partie upon the payne aforesaide.

That no maner of man bete downe housing to barne, ne nor aples tres, pere tres, not tres, ne no other tres bering frute, nor that no man put no best into vynes, nor drawe up the stakes of same vynes.

That no maner of man be so hardy to goe into no chamber or lodging wher that any woman lieth in gesen (child-birth) her to robbe any pile of no goods the whiche longeth to her refreshinge, ne for to make non affray wher through she and her childe might be in any disease or despire, upon payne that he that in suche wise offended shall losse all his goods, half unto him that accuseth him and half unto the constable and marshall, and himself to be dede but if the King give him his grace.

We commend these, and the other general orders in Sir Harris Nicolas's collection, to the perusal and emulation of the pious, tearful, and victorious King or Kaiser at Versailles.

Pall Mall Gazette.

I KNOW some men very desirous to see the devil, because they conceive such an apparition would be a confirmation of their faith. For then, by the logic of opposites, they will conclude there is a God because there is a devil. Thus they will not believe there is heaven, except hell itself will be deposed for a witness thereof.

Thomas Fuller.

From The Economist
THE NEW EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THERE can be little doubt, however this war may end, that William the First, Emperor of Germany, is at this moment the most prominent, perhaps the most powerful, personage in the world, and as little that he is one of the least understood. He does not appear to be understood even by his own subjects, who despised him in 1840 as a martinet prince just fit to command a regiment, fought him in Parliament as a mere despot from 1858 to 1864, doubted him in 1865, and from 1866 to 1871 have worshipped him as the "hero king," but who have never given the world any intelligible account of him. To observers abroad, he appears to be a complete puzzle. Frenchmen, and in a less degree Englishmen, fail to understand a monarch who is in his public capacity a conqueror and in his private one is, after an ancient orthodox fashion, a strong believer; who never gives any impression of capacity, yet never fails in any of his designs; who is a strong Legitimist but overthrows princes; who is personally not unkindly, but who can deliberately lay waste a great country rather than not enter its capital as a conqueror; who has selected feeble men for his civil Ministry, and yet has promoted men of genius in the army and the Foreign Office. So little is he understood, that although he is as completely master as any King in Europe, there is a disposition to overlook him, and to attribute every act of his Government to men like Count Bismarck, who are supposed to be more easy to comprehend. This ignorance is very natural in the case of a Sovereign whose immediate action on the Government is very carefully concealed; but we feel convinced that part of the ignorance arises from the disposition of observers to expect too much, to assume that any man who fulfils a great duty well must of necessity be in some way or other a great man — an opinion which is not necessarily true of kings.

King William of Prussia — we drop the new title for a moment — has always appeared to us, since 1848, to bear a close resemblance to our own Wellington, — not the Wellington of the Peninsular War, a man with decided military originality, and not the Wellington of most histories, a purely ideal figure, but the Wellington who was known among us during the long peace. In other words, the King of Prussia is, as a soldier, a most excellent German officer of his family type, — that is, an officer with no particular originality or

even knowledge of war, but with a desire amounting to a passion for efficiency in his army, which he trains upon a single theory that it will be in action next week; and as a politician, a Conservative of a somewhat separate kind, a Conservative because the old system makes administration easy. As he is King, quite absolute in the army, and very unrelenting in his exaction of service, he secures efficiency, more especially in a department to which he has paid especial attention — the mobilization of his great force, — a department of unusual importance in Prussia, where the object is to keep a great army with three-fourths of the men living in their own homes. Any good officer left to himself would secure this result for a regiment, and the King does but supervise the work in many regiments. For general organization he selected an officer, General von Roon, who is a repetition of himself; and for strategy, General von Moltke, an excellent strategist, who, however, is, as the siege of Paris shows, capable of error, and who inclines to consider war as a science rather than an art, to rely on principles quite as much as on original expedients. Wellington in the King's position would have pursued much the same course, and have battled with the country for his system with much the same tenacity. Indeed he did battle for it, only not being King, commanding in a constitutional country, he used evasion instead of resistance as his weapon. He understood his army, he said, and the country; and the only way to keep his army as he wished it was to hide it, to keep it unobtrusive so that the Commons never thought about it. The King, a man of the same type, was as little violent as was consistent with success, struck no *coup d'état*, made no effort to conciliate, but with immovable obstinacy adhered to his notion, which was that a soldier to be at his best required three years' training and not only two. It was, as it proved, an accurate idea, but it is just the sort of idea a competent officer would form, and there is nothing original about it, except the scale on which it is applied. In action the King trusts his military staff entirely, does not interfere, — in one great action he was two miles from the commander-in-chief, — and only by asking for the plans, compels his generals to think them very carefully out. In his government of the conquered country, he displays just the same order of mind. Wellington was far from a cruel man, but he stormed Badajos, and though furious at the horrors which followed, was furious first of all at the breaches of dis-

cipline those horrors involved. About requisitions, he could be as stern as the King, and, like the King, sometimes overlooked outrages on property as evils difficult to prevent.

In the King's system of internal government the same similarity is observable. Wellington was in politics a narrow Conservative, mainly because he did not see how on other principles the "King's Government could be carried on," how the country could be administered,—and that is just King William's mental position. One of his few utterances which have been vividly remembered was that "the King must remain the pivot of power," and he uttered it not from any fanatic idea of kingship, but from an inability to see how a group of professors, merchants, and the like, assembled in a Chamber, could do the work of administration. Wellington did not want the King to be despotic, but could not comprehend how, if the Government could not control the boroughs, the business of the country was to be got through. The Commons would control it, and the Commons could not do it. There is no desire for tyranny in King William, but an honest want of capacity to understand how, without an active hardworking commander-in-chief, with a good deal of power, a State is to get along at all. That it could get along of itself he does not believe, and neither did Wellington; while both hated corruption, not as an immoral instrument of Government, but as a bad one—very troublesome, very wasteful, and sure, as Wellington wrote when in Ireland, to come to an end at last.

The action of such a mind in foreign politics, under circumstances like those of Prussia, is not very difficult to foresee. The King being a good officer, well acquainted with military matters, and fond of efficiency, would wish to round off his States, thus making them far more manageable; would desire position for his country, especially in Germany; and would be very reluctant to break with any great tradition of his people,—and that is what

King William has been. He was delighted to acquire Schleswig-Holstein and with them a seaboard, and all the enclaves in his dominions and to be rid of a perpetual obstacle like Austria, which interfered with the ascendancy of his State in Germany; but he did not particularly want a grand Germany, or to be Emperor, or to be anything but a successful military King of Prussia. No kind of alliance annoys him, whether with a State like Russia, or a State like Italy, provided it involves definite advantages—something visible and not a merely spiritual gain. The notion of having unwilling subjects neither attracts nor dismays him. If they are Germans so much the better: but he fought very hard with his counselors to be allowed to take Bohemia, where the population would have been hostile to him. He minded that no more than Wellington minded having Portuguese in his army. They were not as good as Englishmen, and they were difficult to govern, but still they were an addition to his strength. Like Wellington, too, the King, while spending his life in war, dislikes it, would if he could get his way without it avoid it; but still, the necessity arising, he could put cannon on a bridge to mow down unarmed men. He would not destroy Paris if he could help it, but he will have his provinces, and he tends to become harder in his demands, because the resistance he finds is not quite dangerous enough to excite his respect. He is, in fact, as we read him, a very efficient officer—not general—of Tory opinions, whose self-esteem has been a good deal raised by success, and who judges of policy by a narrow though honest code—the visible and immediate interest of the country he governs. If his people subsequently thwarted or attacked him he would think them rather ungrateful, keep up iron shutters perhaps while he lived, but would go on making the army as good as he could, and keep down the Commons as much as he could, quite convinced that he was doing his duty, and was saving his country from possible misfortunes.

I OBSERVE that antiquaries, such as prize skill above profit (as being rather curious than covetous), do prefer the brass coins of the Roman emperors before those in gold and silver; because there is much falseness and forgery daily detected, and more suspected, in gold and silver medals, as being commonly cast and counterfeited, whereas brass coins are presumed

upon as true and ancient, because it will not quit cost for any to counterfeit them. Plain dealing, Lord, what I want in wealth may I have in sincerity. I care not how mean metal my estate be of, if my soul have the true stamp, really impressed with the unfeigned image of the King of Heaven.

Thomas Fuller.